SOUTHWELL'S

TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH

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THE TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH

ROEHAMPTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN GRIFFIN.

THE AUTHOR

(From a crayon drawing at Stonyhurst College. By kind permission of the Rector, Very Rev. Father William Bodkin, S.J. The original oil-painting from which this drawing was made was in the possession of the Jesuit Fathers at Fribourg, Switzerland, until their expulsion; its present location is not known.)

# THE TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH

BY

THE VEN. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

(*Martyred March 3, 1595, N.S.*)

TOGETHER WITH

THE EPISTLE TO HIS FATHER
THE LETTER TO HIS BROTHER
THE LETTER TO HIS COUSIN "W. R."

AND

A SOLILOQUY

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BY

JOHN WILLIAM TROTMAN

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# THE MODERN EDITOR'S PREFACE.

"To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refinéd gold, to paint the lily;
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow; or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess."

Therefore, no ivy-bush is hung out to sell this wine, and matter which, were the work inferior and the editor superior, might frame an introduction, is relegated to the Appendix.

*3rd March*, 1914.

# THE 1596 PREFACE.

*To the Worshipful Mr. Richard Sackville, Edward Sackville, Cecily Sackville, and Anne Sackville, the hopeful issues of the honorable gentleman Mr. Robert Sackville, Esquire.*[1]

Most lines do not the best conceit contain;
Few words, well couched, may comprehend much matter;
Then as to use the first is counted vain,
So is't praiseworthy to conceit the latter.
The gravest wits that most grave works expect,
The quality not quantity respect.

The smallest spark will cast a burning heat;
Base cottages may harbour things of worth;
Then though this volume be nor gay nor great,
Which under your protection I set forth,
Do not, with coy-disdainful oversight,
Deny to read this well-meant orphaned mite.

[1] This dedication and the ensuing verses are not in the MSS. They occur in the 1596 printed edition. In the reprints of this (the first) edition only the first six verses appear and for the name "John Trussell" the initials S.W. are substituted.

And since his father in his infancy
Provided patrons to protect his heir:
But now by death's none-sparing cruelty
Is turned an orphan to the open air:
I, his unworthy foster-sire, have dared
To make you patronizers of this ward.

You glorying issues of that glorious dame,
Whose life is made the subject of death's will:
To you succeeding hopes of mother's fame,
I dedicate this fruit of Southwell's quill.
He for your uncle's comfort first it writ:
I for your consolation print and send you it.

Then deign in kindness to accept the work,
Which he in kindness writ I send to you;
The which till now clouded obscure did lurk,
But now opposéd to each reader's view,
May yield commodious fruit to every wight
That feels his conscience pricked by Parcae's
spite.

But if in aught I have presumptuous been,
My pardon-craving pen implores your favour;
If any fault in print be passed unseen,
To let it pass the printer is the craver;
So shall he thank you, and I by duty bound
Pray that in you may all good gifts abound.

JOHN TRUSSELL.

R Read with regard what here with due regard,
O Our Second-Ciceronian Southwell sent;
B By whose persuasive pithy argument
E Each well-disposéd eye may be prepared,
R Respectively their grief for friends' decease
T To moderate without all vain excess.

S Sith then the work is worthy of your view,
O Obtract not him which for your good it penned;
U Unkind you are if you it reprehend
T That for your profit it presented you;
H He penned, I publish, this to pleasure all,
E Esteem of both then as we merit shall.
W Weigh his work's worth, accept of my goodwill
E Else is his labour lost, mine crossed, both to no end;
L Lest then you ill-deserve what both intend,
L Let my goodwill and small defects fulfil.

He here his talent trebled doth present,
I my poor mite, yet both with good intent;
Then take them kindly both as we them meant.

JOHN TRUSSELL.

Chancing to find with Æsop's Cock a stone,
Whose worth was more than I knew how to
prize,
And knowing if it should be kept unknown,
'T would many scathe and pleasure few or none;
I thought it best the same in public-wise
In print to publish, that impartial eyes
Might reading judge, and judging praise the
wight,
The which this Triumph over Death did write.

And though the same he did at first compose
For one's peculiar consolation,
Yet will it be commodious unto those
Which for some friend's loss prove their own
self-foes;
And by extremity of exclamation,
And their continuate lamentation,
Seem to forget that they at length must tread
The self-same path which they did that are
dead.

But those as yet whom no friend's death doth
cross,
May by example guide their actions so,
That when a tempest comes their barque to toss,
Their passions shall not super-rate their loss;
And eke this treatise doth the reader show
That we our breath to death by duty owe;
And thereby proves much tears are spent in vain
When tears can not recall the dead again.

Yet if perhaps our late-sprung sectaries,
Or, for a fashion, Bible-bearing hypocrites,
Whose hollow hearts do seem most holy wise,
Do, for the author's sake, the work despise,
I wish them weigh the work and not who writes;
But they that leave what most the soul delights,
Because the preacher's no precisian, sure—
To read what Southwell writ will not endure.

But leaving them—since no persuades suffice
To cause them read, except the spirit move—
I wish all other read but not despise
This little treatise; but if Momus' eyes
Espy Death's Triumph it doth him behove,
This writer, work, or me for to reprove;
But let this pitch-speecht mouth defile but one—
Let that be me—let t'other two alone;
For if offence in either merit blame,
The fault is mine and let me reap the shame.

JOHN TRUSSELL.

# THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.[1]

If the Athenians erected an altar to an unknown god, supposing that he would be pleased with their devotion though they were ignorant of his name: better may I presume that my labour may be grateful, being devoted to such men whose names I know, and whose fame I have heard, though unacquainted with their persons.

I intend this comfort to him whom a 2
lamenting fortune hath left most comfortless; by him to his friends that have equal portions in this sorrow.

But I think the philosopher's rule will be 3
here verified—that it shall be last in execution that was first designed, and he last enjoy the effect that was first mover of the cause. This let chance overrule sith choice may not, and into whichsoever of their hands it shall fortune, much honour and happiness may it carry with it, and leave in their hearts as much joy as it found sorrow.

Where I borrow the person of an historian, 4

[1] This heading and the subscribed initials are from the 1596 printed edition; they are not in the MSS.

as well touching the dead as the yet surviving, I build upon report of such authors whose hoary heads challenge credit and whose eyes and ears were witnesses to their words.

To crave pardon for my pain were to 5 slander a friendly office, and to wrong their courtesies whom nobility never taught to answer affection with anger or to wage duty with dislike; and therefore I humbly present it unto them with as many good wishes as goodwill can measure from a best-meaning mind, that hath a willingness rather to afford than to offer due services, were not the man as worthless as the mind is willing.

R.S.

## THE TRIUMPHS OVER DEATH[1]

If it be a blessing of the virtuous to mourn, it is the reward of this blessing to be comforted; and He that pronounced the one promised the other.

I doubt not but that Spirit whose nature is 2
Love and whose name Comforter, as He knoweth the cause of your grief so hath He salved it with supplies of grace, pouring into your wound no less oil of mercy than wine of justice.

Yet, sith[2] courtesy oweth compassion as a 3
duty to the afflicted and nature hath ingrafted a desire to find it, I thought it good to show you by proof that you carry not your cares alone, though the load that lieth on others can little lighten your burden.

Her decease cannot but sit near your heart 4
whom you had taken so deep into a most tender affection, that which dieth to our love being always alive to our sorrow. You would have been loving to a less lovely sister; yet, finding in her so many worths to be loved, your love wrought more earnestly upon so sweet a subject; which now being taken from you, I presume your

[1] This title is that of the printed edition; the MSS. are without title.
[2] Sithence=since.

grief is no less than your love was, the one of these being over the measure of the other.

The Scripture (Ecclus. 38.16 etc.) moveth us 5
to bring forth our tears upon the dead: a thing not offending grace and a right to reason. For to be without remorse in the death of friends is neither incident nor convenient to the nature of man, having too much affinity with a savage temper and overthrowing the ground of all pity, which is a mutual sympathy in each of other's miseries.

But as not to feel sorrow in sorrowful chances 6
is to want sense, so not to bear it with moderation is to want understanding: the one brutish, the other effeminate; and he hath cast his account best that hath brought his sum to the mean.

It is no less fault to exceed in sorrow than to 7
pass the limits of competent mirth, sith excess in either is a disorder in passion; though that of courtesy be less blamed of men, because if it be a fault it is also a punishment, at once causing and tasting torments.

It is no good sign in the sick to be senseless in 8
his pains; as bad it is to be unusually sensitive, being both either harbingers or the attendant of death.

Let sadness, sith it is a due to the dead, tes- 9
tify a feeling pity, not any pangs of passion; and bewray rather a tender than a dejected mind.

Mourn so that your friends may find you a 10

loving brother: all men a discreet mourner; making sorrow a sequel not a superior of reason.

Some are so obstinate in their own evil that 11
even time—the natural remedy of the most violent agonies—cannot by any delays assuage their grief. They entertain their sorrow with solitary muses and feed it with sighs and tears. They pine their bodies and draw all pensive considerations into their minds, nursing their heaviness with a melancholy humour as though they had vowed their souls to sadness: unwilling it should end till it had ended them. Wherein their folly findeth sometimes a ready effect, that being true which Solomon observed (Proverbs 25.20), that as a moth the garment and a worm the wood so doth sadness consume the heart.

But this impotent softness fitteth not sober 12
minds; we must not make a life's profession of a seven-nights' duty; nor under colour of kindness be unnatural to ourselves. If some in their passions wind their thoughts into such labyrinths that neither wit knoweth nor will careth how long or how far they wander in them, it discovereth their weakness but deserveth not our imitation. It is for the most the fault, not of all but of the silliest women; who, next to the funeral of their friends, deem it a second widowhood to forge their tears and make their happiness to seem most unhappy, as though they had only been left alive to be perpetual maps of dead folks' misfortunes.

But this is to arm an enemy against ourselves 13

and to yield reason prisoner to passion: putting the sword in the rebel's hand when we are least able to withstand his treason.

Sorrow once settled is not lightly removed: 14
easily winning but not easily surrendering possession; and where it is not excluded in time it challengeth a place by prescription.

The Scripture (Ecclus. 38. 21 and 22), warn- 15
eth us not to give over our hearts to sadness; yea, rather to reject it as a thing not beneficial to the dead yet prejudicial to ourselves. Ecclesiasticus (22. 13) alloweth but seven days to mourning, judging moderation in plaint to be a sufficient testimony of goodwill and a needful office of wisdom.

Much sorrow for the dead is either the child 16
of self-love or of rash judgment. If we should shed our tears for others' death as a main to our contentment, we bathe but our own wound as present lovers of ourselves. If we lament their decease as their hard destiny, we attach them of evil-deserving with too peremptory a censure: as though their life had been the rise and their death a leap into final perdition; for otherwise a good departure craveth small condoling, being but a harbour for storms and an entrance into felicity.

But you know your sister too well to incur any 17
blame in these respects, and experience of her life hath stored your thoughts with notice of so rare virtues as might sooner make her memory an enforcement to joy than any inducement to

sorrow; and move you to esteem her last duties rather the triumph of her victory than the funerals of her decease.

She was by birth second to none but to the 18
first in the realm; yet she measured only greatness by goodness, making nobility but the mirror of virtue: as able to show things worthy to be seen as apt to draw many eyes to behold it.

She suited her behaviour to her birth and en- 19
nobled her birth with her piety, leaving her house more beholding unto her for having honoured it with the glory of her virtues than she was to it for the titles of her pedigree. She was high-minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection and in the disdain of vice; in other things covering her greatness with humility amongst her inferiors and showing it with courtesy among her peers.

Of the carriage of herself and her sober 20
government this may be a sufficient testimony: — that Envy herself was dumb in her dispraise: finding in her much to repine at but nothing to reprove.

The clearness of her honour I need not men- 21
tion, she having always armed it with such modesty as taught the most intemperate tongues to be silent in her presence; and answered their eyes with scorn and contempt that did but seem to make her an aim to passion.

Yea, and in this behalf as almost in all other, 22
she hath the most honourable ladies of the land so common and known witnesses that those that

least liked her religion were in love with her demeanour, delivering their opinions in open praises.

How mildly she accepted the check of Fortune—fallen upon her without desert—experience hath been a most manifest proof, the temper of her mind being so easy that she found little difficulty in taking down her thoughts to a meaner degree; which true honour, but no pride, had raised to the former height. 23

Her faithfulness and love where she found true friendship, is now written with tears in many eyes and will be longer registered in grateful memories; divers that have tried her in that kind avowing her for secrecy, wisdom, and constancy, to have been a miracle in her sex. 24

Yea, when she found least kindness in others she never lost it in herself; more willingly suffering than offering wrongs and often weeping for their mishaps, whom, though less loving her, she could not but affect. 25

Of the innocency of her life this in general all can aver: that, as she was graceful many ways and memorable for virtues, so was she free from the blemish of any vice; using, to her power, the best means to keep continually an undefiled conscience. 26

Her attire was ever such as might both satisfy a curious eye and yet bear witness of a sober mind: neither singular nor vain, but such as her peers of best report used. 27

Her tongue was very little acquainted with 28

oaths—unless either duty or distrust did enforce them—and sure they were needless to those that knew her, to whom the truth of her words could not justly be suspected.

Much less was she noted of any unfitting talk; 29
which, as it was ever hateful to her ears, so did it never defile her breath.

Of feeding she was very measurable: rather 30
of too sparing than too liberal a diet; so religious in observing all fasts that even in her sickness she could be hardly won to break them.

And if our souls be possessed in our patience, 31
surely her soul was truly her own; whose rock, though often stricken with the rod of adversity, never yielded to any, more than to give issue to eye-streams. And though these, through the tenderness of her nature and aptness of her sex, were the customary tribute that her love paid—more to her friends' than to her own misfortunes—yet were they not accompanied with distempered words or ill-seeming actions: reason never forgetting decency though remembering pity.

Her devotions she daily observed: offering 32
the daily sacrifice of an innocent heart and stinting herself to her times of prayers, which she performed with so religious a care as well showed that she knew how high a Majesty she served.

I need not write how dutifully she discharged 33
all the behoofs of a most loving wife, sith that was the commonest theme of her praises. Yet

this may be said without improof to any: that whosoever in this behalf may be counted her equal, none can justly be thought her superior.

Where she owed she paid duty; where she 34
found she returned courtesy; wheresoever she was known she deserved amity: desirous of the best, yet disdaining none but evil company.

She was readier to requite benefits than to re- 35
venge wrongs; more grieved than angered with the unkindness of friends, when either mistaking or misreport occasioned any breaches. For if their words may carry credit that entered deepest into her thoughts, they have acquitted her from all spice of malice; not only against her friends—whose dislikes were but a retire to step further into friendship—but even her greatest enemies: to whom, if she had been a judge as she was a suppliant, I assuredly think that she would have redressed but not revenged her injuries.

In sum, she was an honour to her prede- 36
cessors, a light to her age and a pattern to her posterity.

Neither was her conclusion different from her 37
premises or her death from her life. She showed no dismay being warned of her danger —carrying in her conscience the safe-conduct of innocency—but having sent her desires before her to Heaven, with a mild countenance and a most calm mind, in more hope than fear, she expected her own passage.

She commended both her duty and goodwill 38

to all her friends and cleared her heart from all grudge against her enemies; wishing true happiness to them both, as best became so soft and gentle a mind in which anger never stayed but as an unwelcome stranger.

She made open profession that she died a Catholic: true to her religion, true to her husband, true to God and the world. 39

She enjoyed her judgment as long as her body; earnestly offering her last devotions, supplying in thought what faintness suffered not her tongue to utter. 40

In the end, when her glass was run out and death began to challenge his interest, some labouring with too-late remedies to hinder the delivery of her sweet soul, she desired them eftsoons to let her go to God; and her hopes calling her to eternal kingdoms, as one rather falling asleep than dying, she most happily took her leave of all mortal miseries. 41

Such was the life, such the death, of your dearest sister: both so full of true comfort that this little survey of her virtues may be a sufficient lenitive to your bitterest griefs. 42

For you are not I hope in the number of those that reckon it a part of their pain to hear of their best remedies; thinking the rehearsal of their dead friends' praises an upbraiding of their loss. 43

But sith the oblivion of her virtues were injurious to her, let not the mention of her person be offensive to you; and be not you grieved with her death with which she is best pleased. 44

So blessed a death is rather to be wished of 45
us than pitied in her, whose soul triumpheth in God; whose virtue still breatheth in the mouths of infinite praises and liveth in the memories of all to whom either experience made her known or fame was not envious in concealing her deserts.

She was a jewel that both God and you 46
desired to enjoy: He to her assured benefit without self-interest; you for allowable respects, yet implying her restraint among certain hazards and most uncertain hopes.

Be then umpire in your own cause, whether 47
your wish or God's will importeth more love: the one pleading the adjournment of her exile, the other her return into a most blissful country. And sith it pleased God in this love to be your rival, let your discretion decide the doubt who, in due, should carry the suit, the prerogative being but a right to the one. For Nature and Grace being the motives of both your loves, He had the best title in them that was Author of them; and she—if worthy to be loved of either, as she was of both—could not but prefer Him to the dearest portion of her deepest affections.

Let Him, with good leave, gather the grape 48
of His own vine and pluck the fruit of His own planting. And think so curious works ever surest in the Artificer's hand, Who is likeliest to love them and best able to preserve them.

She did therefore her duty in dying willing- 49

ly; and if you will do yours you must be willing with her death; sith to repine at her liking is a discourtesy, at God's an impiety: both unfitting for your approved virtue.

She being in a place where no grief can annoy 50
her, hath little need—and less—of your sorrow; neither can she allow in her friends that she would loathe in herself: love ever affecting likeness. If she had been evil she had not deserved our tears; being good she cannot desire them: nothing being less to the liking of goodness than to see itself any cause of unjust disquiet or trouble to the innocent.

Would Saul (1 Kings 9) have thought it 51
friendship to have wept for his fortune in having found a kingdom by seeking cattle? Or David (1 Kings 17) accounted it a courtesy to have sorrowed at his success, that from following sheep came to foil a giant and to receive in fine a royal crown for his victory? Why then should her lot be lamented whom higher favour hath raised from the dust to sit with the princes of God's people (Psalm 112)?

If security had been given that a long life 52
should have been still guided by virtue and followed with good fortune, you might pretend some cause to complain of her decease; but if different effects should have crossed your hopes —process of time being the parent of stranger alterations—then had death been friendlier than yourself.

And sith it hung in suspense which of the two 53

would have happened, let us allow God so much discretion as to think Him the fittest arbiter in decision of the doubt.

Her foundations of happiness were in the holy 54
hills (Psalm 86) and God saw it fittest for her building to be but low in this vale of tears; and better it was it should be soon taken down than by rising too high to have oppressed her soul with the ruins.

Think it no injury that she is now taken from 55
you but a favour that she was lent you so long; and show no unwillingness to restore God His own sith hitherto you have paid no usury for it. Consider not how much longer you might have enjoyed her but how much sooner you might have lost her; and sith she was held upon courtesy—not by any covenant—take our Sovereign's right for sufficient reason of her death.

Our life is but a lent good, to make thereof 56
during the loan our best commodity. It is a due debt to a more certain Owner than ourselves and therefore so long as we have it we receive a benefit; when we are deprived of it we have no wrong.

We are tenants-at-will of this clayey form— 57
not for term of years. When we are warned out we must be ready to remove, having no other title but the Owner's pleasure.

It is an inn, not a home; we came but to 58
bait, not to dwell; and the condition of our entrance was in fine to depart. If this departure be grievous it is also common: this day

to me, to-morrow to thee (Ecclus. 38. 23); and the case equally afflicting all, leaveth none any cause to complain of injurious usage.

Nature's debt is sooner exacted of some than 59
of others; yet is there no fault in the creditor that exacteth but his own, but in the greediness of our eager hopes; either repining that their wishes fail or willingly forgetting their mortality whom they are unwilling to see, by experience, mortal.

Yet the general tide wafteth all passengers to 60
the same shore: some sooner, some later, but all at the last; and we must settle our minds to take our course as it cometh, never fearing a thing so necessary yet ever expecting a thing so uncertain.

It seemeth that God purposely concealed the 61
time of our death, leaving us unresolved betwixt hope and fear; that fear of a speedy passage might keep us in a readiness, and hope of longer continuance cut off unripe cares; lest, with the notice of pensiveness of our divorce from the world we should lose the comfort of needful contentments; and before our dying day, languish away with the expectation of death.

Some are taken in their first step into this 62
life, receiving in one their welcome and farewell: as though they had been born only to be buried, and to take their passport in this, to pass presently into another world.

Others are cut off in the middle of their 63
course: the good to prevent a change, the bad to shorten their impiety.

Some live till they be weary of life: to give 64
proof of their good hap that had a timelier passage.

Yet though the date be divers the debt is all 65
one: equally to be answered by all as their time expireth. For who is the man that shall live and not see death? (Psalm 88. 49) sith we all die and like water slide upon the earth (2 Kings 14. 14).

In Paradise we received the sentence of death 66
(Genesis 5) and here as prisoners we are kept in ward, tarrying but our turns till the gaoler call us to our execution.

Whom hath any virtue eternized, or desert 67
commended to posterity, that hath not mourned in life and been mourned after death?—no assurance of joy being sealed without some tears.

Even our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God, 68
was thrown down as deep in temporal miseries as she was advanced high in spiritual honours; none amongst all mortal creatures finding in life more proofs than she of her mortality. For having the noblest Son that ever woman was mother of, not only above the condition of men but above the glory of angels: being her Son only, without temporal father, and thereby the love of both parents doubled in her breast: being her only Son without other issue, and so her love of all children finished in Him: yea, He being God and she the nearest creature to God's perfections, yet no prerogative acquitted either her from mourning or Him from dying.

And though they surmounted the highest angels in all other pre-eminence, yet were they equal with the meanest men in the sentence of death. And howbeit our Lady, being the pattern of Christian mourners, so tempered her anguish that there was neither anything undone that might be exacted of a mother, nor anything done that might be disliked in so perfect a matron: yet by this we may guess with what courtesy death is likely to friend us, that durst cause so bloody funerals in so heavenly a stock: not exempting Him from the law of dying that was the Author of life, and soon after to honour His triumph with the ruins and spoils of death. 69

Seeing therefore that death spareth none, let us spare our tears for better uses; being but an idle sacrifice to this deaf and implacable executioner and, for this, not long to be continued where they can never profit. 70

Nature did promise us a weeping life, exacting tears for custom at our first entrance and suiting our whole course to this doleful beginning. And therefore they must be used with measure that must be used often; and so many causes of weeping lying yet in the deck, sith we cannot end our tears let us at the least reserve them. 71

If sorrow cannot be shunned let it be taken in time of need; sith otherwise being both troublesome and fruitless, it is a double misery and an open folly. 72

We moisten not the ground with precious 73

waters; they were stilled for nobler ends: either by their sweetness to delight our senses or by their operations to preserve our health. Our tears are waters of too high a price to be prodigally poured out in the dust of any graves.

If they be tears of love they perfume our 74
prayers, making them odour of sweetness fit to be offered on the altar before the throne of God (Apoc. 8. 3); if tears of contrition they are water of life to dying and corrupting souls; they may purchase favour and repeal the sentence till it be executed, as the example of Ezechias doth testify (2 Kings 20).

But when the punishment is past and the 75
verdict performed in effect, their pleading is in vain; as David taught us when his child was dead, saying that he was likelier to go to it than it by his weeping to return to him (2 Kings 12. 23).

Learn therefore to give sorrow no long do- 76
minion over you; whereof the wise should rather make than expect an end. Meet it not when it cometh; do not invite it when it is absent; when you feel it not do not force it; sith the very brute creatures, which Nature—seldom erring in her courses—guideth in the mean, have but a short though a vehement sense of their losses.

You should bury the sharpness of your grief 77
with the corse and rest contented with a kind yet a mild compassion, neither less than decent for you nor more than agreeable to your mature judgment.

Your much heaviness would renew a multitude of griefs and your eyes would be springs to many streams; adding to the memory of the dead a new occasion of plaint by your own discomfort. The motion of your heart measureth the beating of many pulses; which in any distemper of your quiet, with the like stroke will soon bewray themselves sick of your disease. 78

Your fortune though hard yet is it notorious; and though moved in mishap and set in an unworthy lantern, yet your own light shineth far and maketh you markable. All will bend an attentive eye upon you, observing how you ward this blow of temptation; and whether your patience be a shield of proof or easily entered with these violent strokes. 79

It is commonly expected that so high thoughts, which have already climbed over the hardest dangers, should not now stoop to any vulgar or female complaints. 80

Great personages whose estate draweth upon them many eyes, as they cannot but be themselves, so may they not use the liberty of meaner estates: the laws of nobility not allowing them to direct their deeds by their desires but to limit their desires to that which is decent. 81

Nobility is an aim for lower degrees to level at marks of higher perfection; and like stately windows in the worthiest rooms of a politic and civil building, to let in such light and lie open to such prospects as may afford their inferiors both means to find and motives to follow heroical virtues. 82

If you should determine to dwell ever in 83
sorrow, it were a wrong to your wisdom and countermanded by your quality; if ever you mind to surcease it, no time fitter than the present; sith the same reasons that hereafter might move you are now as much in force. Yield to wisdom that you must yield to time; be beholding to yourself, not to time, for the victory; and make that a voluntary work of discretion that will otherwise be a necessary effect of delay.

We think it not enough to have our own 84
measure brimful with evils unless we make it run over with others' miseries: taking their misfortunes as our punishments and executing foreign penalties upon themselves.

Yea, disquieted minds—being ever bellows 85
to their own flames—mistake oftentimes others' good for ill; their folly making that a true scourge to them that, howsoever it seemed, was to others a benefit.

Jacob out of Joseph's absence sucked such 86
surmises that he made his heart a prey to his agonies; whereas that which buried him in his own melancholies raised Joseph to his highest happiness.

If Christ had been truly taken out of the 87
tomb, as poor Magdalen said and supposed, she could have sunk no deeper in grief than she had already plunged herself; and yet that which she imagined the uttermost of evils proved in conclusion the very bliss of her wishes.

The like may be your error if you cumber 88
your mind with musing upon her death; who could neither be discharged from cares till death set his hand to her acquittance, nor receive the charter of an eternal well-being till her singled soul were present at the sealing.

I am loath to rub the scar of a deeper wound 89
for fear of reviving a dead discomfort; yet if you will favour your own remedies, the mastery over that grief that sprang from the root may learn you to qualify this that buddeth from the branch.

Let not her losses move you that are ac- 90
quainted with greater of your own, and taught by experience to know how uncertain their chance is for whom inconstant Fortune throweth the dice.

If she want her wonted titles, her part is 91
now ended and they were due but upon the stage; her loss therein is but a wreck of words in which she is but even with the highest princes: surpassing both herself and them in the new honours of a heavenly style.

If she have left her children, it was her wish 92
they should outlive her; and she bred them into the world to repay her absence with usury. And yet had she sent her first-fruits before her as pledges of her own coming.

And now may we say (Psalm 83. 4) that the 93
sparrow hath found a home and the turtle-dove a nest where she may lay her younglings: enjoying some and expecting the rest.

If she be taken from her friends, she is also 94
delivered from her enemies: in hope hereafter to enjoy the first, out of fear of ever being troubled with the last.

If she be cut off in her youth, no age is un- 95
ripe for a good death; and having ended her task, though never so short, she hath lived out her full time.

Old age is venerable, not long: to be 96
measured by increase of virtues, not by number of years. For hoariness consisteth in wisdom and an unspotted life is the ripeness of the perfectest age (Wisdom 4, 8 and 9).

If she were in possibility of preferment, she 97
could hardly have mounted higher than from whence she was thrown; and having been bruised with the first, she had little will to climb for a second fall.

We might hitherto have truly said (Ruth 1) 98
this is that Noemi: she being to her end enriched with many outward and more inward graces; but whether hereafter she would have bidden us not to call her Noemi, that is, Fair, but Mara, that signifieth Bitter, it is uncertain; sith she might have fallen into that widow's infelicity that so changed her name to the likeness of her lot.

In sum: she is freed from more miseries than 99
she suffered losses, and more fortunate by not desiring than she could be by enjoying Fortune's favours; which, if it be not counted a folly to love, yet is it a truer happiness not to need.

We may rather think that death was provident against her imminent harms than envious at any future prosperity; the times being great with so many broils, that when they once fall in labour, we shall think their condition securest whom absence hath exempted both from feeling the bitter throes and beholding the monstrous issue that they are like to bring forth. 100

The more you tender her, the more temperate should be your grief; sith seeing you upon going she did but step before you into the next world; to which she thought you to belong more than to this, which hath already given you the last ungrateful *congé*. 101

They that are upon remove send their furniture before them; and you still standing upon your departure, what ornament could you rather wish in your future abode than this that did ever so highly please you? 102

God thither sendeth your adamants whither He would draw your heart, and casteth your anchors where your thoughts should lie at road; that seeing your loves taken out of the world and your hopes disanchored from this stormy shore, you might settle your desires where God seemeth to require them. 103

If you would have wished her life for example to your house, assure yourself she hath left her friends so inherited with her virtues and so perfect patterns of her best parts, that who knoweth the survivors may see the deceased, and shall find little difference but in the number; which before 104

was greater, but not better, unless it were in one repetition of the same goodness.

Wherefore set yourself at rest in the ordinance of God, Whose works are perfect and Whose wisdom infinite. 10

The terms of our life are like the seasons of the year: some for sowing, some for growing and some for reaping; in this only different, that as the motions of the heavens keep their prescribed periods, so the successions of times have their appointed changes. But in the seasons of our life, which are not tied to the law of necessary causes, some are reaped in the seed, some in the blade, some in the unripe ear, all in the end: this harvest depending only upon the Reaper's will. 10

Death is too ordinary a thing to seem any novelty, being a familiar guest in every house; and sith his coming is expected and his errand known, neither his presence should be feared nor his effects lamented. 10

What wonder is it to see fuel burned, spice pounded, or snow melted? And as little, sure, it is to see those dead that were born upon condition once to die. 10

She was such a compound as was once to be resolved into her simples; which is now performed: her soul being given and her body sorted into the first elements. 10

It could not afflict you to see your friend removed out of a ruinous house and the house itself destroyed and pulled down, if you knew it 11

were but to build it in a statelier form and to return the inhabitant with more joy into a fairer lodging.

Let then your sister's soul depart without 111
grief ; let her body also be altered to dust. Withdraw your eyes from the ruins of this cottage and cast them upon the majesty of the second building ; which, as St. Paul saith (1 Cor. 15. 42 etc.), shall be incorruptible, glorious, strong, spiritual, and immortal.

Night and sleep are perpetual memories and 112
mirrors of death, figuring in their darkness, silence, and shutting up of our senses, the final end of our mortal bodies.

And, for this, some have entitled sleep the 113
eldest brother of death ; but with no less conveniency it might be called one of death's tenants —near unto him in affinity of conditions, yet far inferior in right—being but tenant for a time of that which death claimeth as inheritance.

For by virtue of the conveyance made unto 114
him in Paradise (Gen. 3) that dust we were and into dust we should return, he hath hitherto generally showed his seigniory over all : exacting of us not only the yearly but hourly revenues of time, which even by minutes we defray unto him.

So that our very life is not only a memory 115
but a part of our death ; sith the longer we have lived the less we have to live. And what is the daily lessening of our life but a continual dying?

As therefore none is more grieved with the 116
running-out of the last sand in an hour-glass than with all the rest, so should not the end of the last hour trouble us any more than of so many that went before; sith that did but finish a course that all the rest were still ending.

Not the quantity but the quality commendeth 117
our life; the ordinary gain of long-livers being only a greater burthen of sin.

For as in a tree so in life: the value is not 118
esteemed by the length but by the fruit and goodness, which is often more in the least than in the longest.

What your sister wanted in continuance she 119
supplied in speed; and as with her needle she wrought more in a day than many ladies in a year—having both excellent skill and no less delight in working — so, with her diligence doubling her endeavours, she won more virtue in half than others in a whole life.

Her death to time was her birth to eternity; 120
the loss of this world an exchange for a better; no endowment that she had being impaired but many far greater added to her store.

Mardocheus' house was too obscure a dwell- 121
ing for so gracious a Hester, shrouding royal parts in the mantle of a mean estate and shadowing immortal beauties under earthly veils. It was fitter that she, being a sum of so many perfections and so well-worthy a spouse for our heavenly Asuerus, should be carried to His court from her former abode; there to be in-

vested in glory and to enjoy both place and pre-
eminence answerable to her worths.

Her love would have been less able to have 122
borne your death than your constancy to brook
hers, and therefore God mercifully closed her
eyes before they were punished with so grievous
a sight; taking out to you but a new lesson of
patience out of your old book, in which long
study had made you perfect.

And though your hearts were equally bal- 123
anced with a mutual and most entire affection,
and the doubt unsoluble which of you loved
most: yet death, finding her the weaker though
not the lighter vessel, laid his weight in her
balance to bring her soonest to her rest.

Let your mind therefore consent to that 124
which your tongue daily craveth: that God's
will may be done: as well in the earth of her
mortal body as in that little heaven of her purest
soul, sith His will is the best measure of all
events.

There is in this world continual interchange 125
of pleasing and grieving accidents, still keep-
ing their successive turns and overtaking each
other in their several courses.

No picture can be all drawn of the brightest 126
colours nor a harmony consorted only of trebles.
Shadows are needful in expressing proportions
and the bass is a principal part in perfect music.

The condition of our exile alloweth here no 127
unmeddled joy. Our whole life is tempered
between sweet and sour and we must all look for
a mixture of both.

The wise so wish better that they still think of worse; accepting the one, if it come, with liking, and bearing the other without impatience; being so much masters of either fortune that neither shall work them to excess. 128

The dwarf groweth not on the highest hill nor the tall man loseth his height in the lowest valley; and as a base mind though best at ease will be still dejected, so a resolute virtue in the deepest distresses is most impregnable. 129

They ever most perfectly enjoy their comforts that least fear their contraries, for a vehement desire to enjoy carrieth with it as great a fear to lose; and both desire and fear are enemies to quiet possession, making men rather servants than owners of God's benefits. 130

The cause of our troubles is that our misadventures happen either to unwitting or to unwilling minds; foresight preventeth the one, indifferency the other. For he taketh away the smart of present evils that attendeth their coming, and is not amated with any cross that is armed against all. 131

Where necessity worketh without our consent, the effect should never greatly afflict us; grief being bootless where it cannot help, needless where there was no fault. 132

God casteth the dice and giveth us our chance; the most we can do is to take the best point that the cast will afford us; not grudging so much that it is no better as comforting ourselves that it is no worse. 133

If men should lay all their evils together to be 134
afterward by equal portions divided amongst them, most men would rather take what they brought than stand to that division.

Yet such is the partial judgment of self-love 135
that everyone judgeth his self-misery too great; seeing if he cannot find some circumstance to increase it, and making it intolerable by unwillingness to endure it.

When Moses threw his rod from him it 136
became a serpent ready to sting, and frightened him so much that it made him fly; but being quietly taken up it was a rod again, serviceable for his uses, no way hurtful. The Cross of Christ and rod of every tribulation seemeth to threaten stinging and terror to those that shun and seek to eschew it; but they that mildly take it up and embrace it with patience may say with David (Psalm 22. 4), Thy rod and Thy staff have been my comfort.

In this, affliction resembleth the crocodile: 137
fly it—it pursueth and frighteth; follow it—it flieth and feareth; a slave to the constant, a tyrant over the timorous.

Soft minds that think only upon delights and 138
admit no other considerations but of soothing things, become so effeminate that they are apt to bleed with every sharp impression; but he that useth his thoughts to expectation of troubles, making them travel through all hazards, and opposing his resolution against the sharpest encounters, findeth in the proof facility in

patience, and easeth the load of the most heavy cumbers.

We must have temporal things in use, but eternal in wish; that in the one neither delight exceed in that we have nor desire in that we want, and in the other our most delight be here in desire and our whole desire hereafter to enjoy. 139

They straiten their joys too much that draw them into the reach and compass of our senses; as if that were no felicity whereof no force is witness. Whereas, if we exclude our past and future contentments, present pleasures have so fickle assurance that, either they are forestalled before their arrival, or interrupted before their end, or ended before they are well begun. 140

The repetition of former comforts and the expectation of after haps is ever a relief to a virtuous mind; whereas others, not suffering their life to continue in the connexion of that which was and shall be, divide this day from yesterday and to-morrow; and by forgetting all and foreseeing nothing, abridge their whole life into the moment of present time. 141

Enjoy therefore your sister in former virtues; enjoy her also in your future meeting; being both titles of more certain delights than her casual life could ever have warranted. 142

If we will think of her death, let it be as of a warning to provide us; sith that which happeneth to one may happen to any; yea, none can escape that is common to all. 143

It may be the blow that hit her was meant to 144

some of us, and this missing was but a proof to take better aim in the next stroke.

If we were diligent in thinking of our own we should have little leisure to bewail others' deaths. 145

When the soldier in skirmish seeth his next fellow slain, he thinketh it more time to look to himself than to stand mourning a helpless mischance; knowing that the hand that sped so near a neighbour cannot be far from his own head. 146

But we in this behalf are much like the silly birds; that seeking one stuck in the lime-bush, crying to get away, with a kind of native pity are drawn to go to it and so mesh themselves in the same misfortune. For so many in their friends' decease, by musing on their lot, wittingly surfeit of so very much sorrow that sometimes they make mourning their last disease. 147

But step not you into this toil that hath taken none but weak affections. Hold not your eye always upon your hardest haps; neither be you still occupied in counting your losses. There are fairer parts in your body than scars, better eye-marks in your fortune than a sister's loss. You might haply find more comfort left than you would be willing to lose, but that you have already resigned the solaces of life and summed all comforts into the hope of heaven. 148

Yet sith there is some difference between purpose and proof, intending and performing—a subdued enemy being ever ready to rebel when he findeth mighty helps to make a party—it is 149

good to strengthen reason against the violence of nature, that in this and like cases will renew her assaults.

It was a forcible remedy that he used 150
to withstand the conceit of a most lamentable occurrence, who having lost his wife, children and substance, and hardly escaped himself from drowning, went presently into an hospital of lazars; where, finding in a little room many examples of greater misery, he made the smart of others' sores a lenitive to his own wound. For beside that his loneness and poverty was common to them, they had also many cumbers private to themselves: some wanting their senses, some their wits, other their limbs, but all their healths. In which consideration he eased his mind, finding that Fortune had not given him the greatest fall.

If God had put you to Abraham's trial, com- 151
manding you to sacrifice the hope of your posterity, and to be to your only son an author of death as you were of life; if you had been tied to the straits of Jephte's bitter devotion, in imbruing his sword in his own daughter's blood, and ending the triumphs over his enemies with the voluntary funerals of his only offspring; yet, sith both their lives and your labour had been God's undeniable debt, your virtue ought to have obeyed, mauger all encounters of carnal affection.

And how much more in this present case 152
should you incline your love to God's liking, in

which He hath recovered a less part of His own, and that by the usual and easiest course of Nature's law.

Let God strip you to the skin—yea, to the 153
soul—so He stay with you Himself. Let His reproach be your honour; His poverty your riches; and He in lieu of all other friends. Think Him enough in this world that must be all your possession for a whole eternity.

Let others ease their carefulness with bor- 154
rowed pleasures, not bred out of the true root but begged of external helps; they shall still carry unquiet minds, easily altered with every accident; sith they labour not any change in their inward distempers, but by forgetting them for a time by outward pastimes.

Innocency is the only mother of true mirth 155
and a soul *that* is owner of, will quietly bear with all other wants; nothing being able to impoverish it but voluntary losses.

Bear therefore, not with the loss—for she is 156
won for ever—but with the momentary absence of your most happy sister. Yea, it cannot justly be called an absence, many thoughts being daily in parley with her. Only men's eyes and ears—unworthy to enjoy so sweet an object—have resigned their interest and intrusted this treasure unto their hearts, being the fittest shrines for so pure a saint; whom, as none did know but did love, so none can now remember but with devotion.

Men may behold her with shame of their ill 157

life, seeing one of the frailer sex honour her weakness with such a train of perfections. Ladies may admire her as a glory to their degree, in whom honour was portrayed in the true likeness: Grace having perfected Nature's first draft with all the due colours of an absent virtue. All women may accept her for a pattern to imitate, her gifts and good parts having been so manifold that even they that can teach the finest stitches may themselves take new works out of their sampler.

Who then could drink any sorrow out of so 158
clear a fountain, or bewail the estate of so happy a creature? To whom, as to be herself was her greatest praise, so to be as she is was her highest bliss.

You still float in a troublesome sea and you 159
find it by experience a sea of dangers; how then can it pity you to see your sister on shore and safely landed in a blissful harbour?

Sith your Judith (Judith 15) hath wrought 160
the glorious exploit against her ghostly enemies, for the accomplishing whereof she came into the dangerous camp and warfare of this life, you may well give her leave to look home to her Bethulia, to solemnize her triumph with the spoils of her victory; yea, you should rather wish to have been porter to let her in than mourn to see her safe-returned from so apparent hazards.

She carried a heavenly treasure in an un- 161
worthy vessel (2 Cor. 4. 7) which was too weak

a treasury for so high riches—sin creeping in at the windows of our senses and often picking the locks of the strongest hearts—and for this it was laid up in a surer custody, to the which the heavens are walls and the angels keepers.

She was a pure fish (Tobias 6) but here swimming in muddy streams. It was now time to draw her to shore and to employ the inwards of her virtues to medicinable uses; that, laid on coals of due consideration, they may drive from our thoughts the devil's suggestions; and applied to their eyes that are blinded with the dung of flying vanities, the film of their former folly may fall off and leave them able to behold the true light. 162

The base shell of a mortal body was an unfit room for so precious a margarite; and the Jeweller (Matt. 13) that came into this world to seek good pearls, and gave not only all He had but Himself also to buy them, thought it now time to take her into His bargain, finding her grown to a margarite's full perfection. 163

She stood upon too low a ground to take view of her Saviour's most desired countenance; and forsaking the earth with good Zaccheus (Luke 19) she climbed up into the tree of life, there to give her soul a full repast of His beauties. 164

She departed with Jephte's daughter (Judges 11. 37) from her father's house but to pass some months in wandering about the mountains of this troublesome world; which being now expired, she was after her pilgrimage by covenant 165

to return, to be offered to God in a grateful sacrifice; and to ascend out of this desert like a stream of perfume out of burned spices.

Let not therefore the crown of her virtue be 166
the foil of your constancy, nor the end of her cumbers a renewing of yours; but sith God was well pleased to call her, she not displeased to go, add you the third twist to make a triple cord, saying with Job: Our Lord gave and our Lord took away; as it hath pleased our Lord so it is fallen out; the name of our Lord be blessed.

The last of September, 1591.

*Clara ducum soboles, superis nova sedibus hospes,*
*Clausit inoffenso tramite pura diem:*
*Dotibus ornavit, superavit moribus ortum,*
*Omnibus una prior, parfuit una sibi:*
*Lux genus ingenio, generi lux inclita virtus,*
*Virtutisque fuit mens generosa decus.*
*Mors minuit properata dies orbemque relinquit*
*Prolem matre, virum conjuge, flore genus.*
*Occidit! ast alium tulit hic occasus inortum,*
*Vivit, ad occiduas non reditura vices.*

Of Howard's stem a glorious branch is dead;
Sweet lights eclipséd were in her decease;
In Buckhurst's line she glorious issue spread,
She heaven with two, with four did earth increase;
Fame, honour, grace, gave air unto her breath;
Rest, glory, joys, were sequels of her death.

Death aimed too high, he hit too choice a wight,
Renowned for birth, for life, for lovely parts;
He killed her cares, he brought her worths to light,
He robbed our eyes but hath enriched our hearts;
He let out of the ark a Noe's dove,
But many hearts are arks unto her love.

Grace, nature, fortune, did in her conspire
To show a proof of their united skill;
Sly fortune, ever false, did soon retire,
But doubled grace supplied false fortune's ill;
And though she raught not to her fortune's pitch,
In grace and nature few were found so rich.

Heaven of this heavenly pearl is now possest,
Whose lustre was the blaze of honour's light;
Whose substance pure of every good the best,
Whose price the crown of virtue's highest right;
Whose praise to be herself, whose greatest bliss—
To live, to love, to be, where now she is.

## VEN. ROBERT SOUTHWELL'S EPISTLE TO HIS FATHER.

*To the worshipful his very good father, Mr. R. S., his dutiful son, R. S., wisheth all happiness.*

In children of former ages it hath been thought so behoveful a point of duty to their parents—in presence by serviceable offices, in absence by other effectual significations—to yield proof of their thankful minds, that neither any child could omit it without touch of ungratefulness, nor the parents forbear it without just displeasure.

But now we are fallen into such calamity 2
of times, and the violence of heresy hath so crossed the course both of virtue and nature, that their ingrafted laws—never infringed by the most savage and brute creatures—cannot of God's people, without peril, be observed.

I am not of so unnatural a kind, of so wild 3
education, or so unchristian a spirit, as not to remember the root out of which I branched, or to forget my secondary maker and author of my being.

It is not the carelessness of a cold affection, 4
nor the want of a due and reverent respect, that hath made me such a stranger to my native home

and so slack in defraying the debt of a thankful mind; but only the iniquity of our days that maketh my presence perilous and the discharge of my duty an occasion of danger.

I was loath to enforce an unwilling courtesy 5
upon any, or by seeming officious to become offensive; deeming it better to let time digest the fear that my return into the realm had bred in my kindred than abruptly to intrude myself, and to purchase their anger whose goodwill I so highly esteemed.

I never doubted but that the Belief which to 6
all my friends by descent and pedigree is in manner hereditary, framed in them a right persuasion of my present calling; not suffering them to measure their censures by the ugly terms and odious epithets wherewith heresy hath sought to discredit my function, but rather by the reverence of so worthy a Sacrament and the sacred doom of all former ages.

Yet because I might easily perceive by ap- 7
parent conjectures that many were more willing to hear of me than from me, and readier to praise than to use my endeavours, I have hitherto bridled my desire to see them with the care and jealousy of their safety; and banishing myself from the scent of my cradle, in my own country I have lived like a foreigner; finding among strangers that which in my nearest blood I presumed not to seek.

But now considering that delay may have 8
qualified fear, and knowing my person only to

import danger to others and my persuasion to none but to myself, I thought it high time to utter my sincere and dutiful mind, and to open a vent to my zealous affection which I have so long smothered and suppressed in silence.

For not only the original law of Nature— 9
written in all children's hearts and derived from the bowels and breasts of their mother—is a continual solicitor urging me in your behalf, but the sovereign decree enacted by the Father of Heaven, ratified by His Son, and daily repeated by the instinct of the Holy Ghost, bindeth every child in the due of Christianity to tender the estate and welfare of his parents; and is a motive that alloweth none excuse but of necessity presseth to performance of duty.

Nature by Grace is not abolished, but per- 10
fected; not murdered, but manured; neither are her impressions quite razed or annulled, but suited to the colours of faith and virtue.

And if her affections be so forcible that 11
even in hell—where rancour and despite chiefly reigneth and all feeling of goodness is overwhelmed in malice—they moved the rich glutton, by experience of his own misery, to have compassion of his kindred: how much more in the Church of God, where Grace quickeneth, Charity inflameth, and Nature's good inclinations are abettered by supernatural gifts, ought the like pity to prevail!

And who but more merciless than damned 12
creatures could see their dearest friends plunged

in the like peril, and be not wounded with deep remorse of their lamentable and imminent hazards?

If in beholding a mortal enemy wrung and 13
tortured with deadly pangs, the toughest heart softeneth with some sorrow; if the most frozen and fierce mind cannot but thaw and melt with pity even when it seeth the worst miscreant suffer his deserved torments; how much less can the heart of a child consider those that bred him into this world to be in the fall to far more bitter extremities, and not bleed with grief of their uncomfortable case?

Surely, for my own part—though I challenge 14
not the prerogative of the best disposition—yet am I not of so harsh and currish an humour but that it is a continual corrosive and cross unto me, that whereas my endeavours have reclaimed many from the brink of perdition, I have been least able to employ them where they were most due, and barred from affording to my dearest friends that which hath been eagerly sought and beneficially obtained of mere strangers.

Who hath more interest in the grape than he 15
that planted the vine? Who more right to the crop than he that sowed the corn? Or how can the child owe so great service to any as to him whom he is indebted unto for his very life and being?

With young Toby I have travelled far and 16
brought home a freight of spiritual substance

to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have with Esau, after long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with such prey as you were wont to love; desiring thereby to procure your blessing. I have, in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph prepared abundance of the Bread of Angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provision feed you—by whom I have been cured, delighted and fed myself; that your courtesies may in part be countervailed and my duty in some sort performed.

Despise not, good Sir, the youth of your son; 17
neither deem that God measureth His endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under green locks, and some are riper in the Spring than others in the Autumn of their age.

God chose not Isai himself, nor his eldest 18
son, but young David to conquer Golias and to rule His people. Not the most aged, but Daniel the most innocent infant, delivered Susanna from the iniquity of the judges; and Christ at twelve years of age was found in the Temple questioning with the gravest doctors.

A true Elias can conceive that a little cloud 19
may cast a large and abundant shower, and the Scripture teacheth us that God revealeth to little ones that which He concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abased by the minority

of the Speaker, Who out of the mouths of infants and sucklings can perfect His praises.

Timothy was young and yet a principal pastor; St. John not old and yet an apostle; yea, and the angels, by appearing in youthful semblances, give us a pregnant proof that many glorious gifts may be shrouded under tender shapes. 20

All which I allege, not to claim any privilege surmounting the rate of usual abilities, but to avoid all touch of presumption in advising my elders: seeing that it hath the warrant of Scripture, the testimony of examples, and sufficient grounds both in Grace and Nature. 21

There is diversity in the degrees of our carnal consanguinity and the pre-eminence appertaineth unto you as superior over your child's body; yet, if you consider our alliance in the chief portion—I mean our souls, which differenceth man from inferior creatures—we are of equal proximity to our Heavenly Father: both descended of the same Parent and no other distance in our degrees but that you are the elder brother. In this sense doth the Scripture say "Call not any father upon earth, for One is your Father which is in heaven." 22

Seeing therefore that your superiority is founded upon flesh and blood, which are in manner but bark and rind of a man, and our equality upon the soul, which is man's main substance: think it I pray you no dishonour to your age, or disparagement to your person, if with all humility I offer my advice unto you. 23

One man cannot be perfect in all faculties; 24
neither is it a disgrace to the goldsmith if he be ignorant of the milliner's trade. Many are deep lawyers and yet shallow divines; many very deliver in feats of the body, and curious in external complements, yet little experimented in matters of their soul; and far-to-seek in religious actions.

I have studied and practised these many years 25
spiritual physic, acquainting myself with the beating and temper of every pulse and travailing in the scrutiny of the maladies and medicines incident unto souls. If therefore I proffer you the fruits of my long studies and make you a present of my profession, I hope you will construe it rather as a dutiful part than any point of presumption.

He may be a father to the soul that is a son to 26
the body, and requite the benefit of his temporal life by reviving his parent from a spiritual death. And to this effect did Christ say these words:—"My mother and brethren are they that do the will of My Father which is in heaven." Upon which place St. Climacus, showing to what kindred a Christian ought chiefly to rely, draweth this discourse:—Let him be thy father that both can and will lay his labour to disburden thee of thy pack of sins; let holy compunction be thy mother to depure thee from thy ordure and filth; let him be thy brother that will be both thy partner and competitor to pass and perfect thy race towards heaven; take the mem-

ory of death for thy perpetual pheere and unseparable spouse; let thy children be bitter sighs of a sorrowful heart; and possess thy body as thy bondman; fasten thy friendship with the angelical powers; with which, if thou closest in familiar affiance, they will be patrons unto thee in thy final passage. This, saith he, is the generation and kindred of those that seek God.

Such a father as this saint speaketh of may 27
you have of your own son, to enter you familiar in the fore-recited affinity; of which haply it was a significant presage aboding the future event, that even from my infancy you were wont in merriment to call me Father Robert, which is the customary style now allotted to my present estate.

Now therefore, to join issue and to come to 28
the principle drift of my discourse: most humbly and earnestly I am to beseech you, that—both in respect of the honour of God, your duty to His Church, the comfort of your children, and the redress of your own soul—you would seriously consider the terms you stand in and weigh yourself in a Christian balance, taking for your counterpoise the judgments of God.

Take heed in time that the word Thecel, 29
written of old against Baltasar and interpreted by Daniel, be not verified in you; whose exposition was "you have been poised in the scale and found of too light weight."

Remember that you are in the waning and the 30
date of your pilgrimage is well-near expired;

and now it behoveth you to look towards your country. Your force languisheth, your senses impair, and your body droopeth; and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threateneth fall.

And having so many harbingers of death to 31
premonish you of your end, how can you but prepare for so dreadful a stranger? The young may die quickly but the old cannot live long. The young man's life by casualty may be abridged but the old man's life by no physic can be long adjourned. And therefore if green years sometimes must think of the grave, the thoughts of sere age should continually dwell in the same.

The prerogative of infancy is innocency; of 32
childhood, reverence; of manhood, maturity; and of age, wisdom. And seeing that the chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come, use now the privilege of Nature's talent to the benefit of your soul, and procure hereafter to be wise in well-doing and watchful in foresight of future harms.

To serve the world you are now unable; and 33
though you were able you have little cause to be willing, seeing that it never gave you but an unhappy welcome, a hurtful entertainment, and now doth abandon you with an unfortunate farewell.

You have long sowed in a field of flint which 34
could bring you nothing forth but a crop of cares

and affliction of spirit; rewarding your labours with remorse, affording for your gain eternal damages.

It is now more than a seasonable time to alter 35
the course of so unthriving a husbandry and to enter into the field of God's Church; in which, sowing the seeds of repentant sorrow and watering them with the tears of humble contrition, you may reap a more beneficial harvest and gather the fruits of everlasting comfort.

Remember I pray you that your spring is 36
spent and your summer overpast; you are now arrived to the fall of leaf; yea, and winter colours have already stained your hoary head. Be not careless, saith Saint Augustine, though our loving Lord bear long with offenders; for the longer He stayeth, not finding amendment, the sorer will He scourge when He cometh to judgment. And His patience in so long expecting is only to lend us respite to repent, not any way to enlarge our leisure to sin.

He that is tossed with variety of storms and 37
cannot come to his desired port, maketh not much way but is much turmoiled; so he that hath passed many years and purchased little profit, hath had a long being but a short life. For life is more to be measured by merits than by number of days; seeing that the most men by many days do but procure many deaths, and others in short space attain the life of infinite ages.

What is the body without the soul but a 38

corrupt carcase? And what the soul without God but a sepulchre of sin?

If God be the Way, the Life and the Truth, 39
he that goeth without Him strayeth; he that liveth without Him dieth; and he that is not taught by Him erreth. Well saith Saint Augustine that God is our true and chief life; from Whom the revolting is falling, to Whom the returning is rising, in Whom the staying is sure standing. God is He from Whom to depart is to die, to Whom to repair is to revive, in Whom to dwell is to live.

Be not you therefore of those that begin not 40
to live until they be ready to die; and then, after a foe's deserts, come to crave of God a friend's entertainment.

Some think to snatch heaven in a moment, 41
which the best scarce attain in the mountenance of many years; and when they have glutted themselves with worldly delights, they would jump from Dives' diet to Lazarus' crown, and from the service of Satan to the salary of a saint.

But be you well-assured, God is not so penu- 42
rious of friends as to hold Himself and His kingdom saleable for the refuse and reversion of their lives who have sacrificed the principal thereof to His enemies and their own brutish appetites, then only ceasing to offend when ability of offending is taken from them.

True it is that a thief may be saved upon 43
the Cross and mercy found at the last gasp;

but well saith St. Augustine, that though it be possible yet is it scarce credible that his death should find favour whose whole life hath earned wrath; and that his repentance should be accepted that, more for fear of hell and love of himself than for love of God or loathsomeness of sin, crieth for mercy.

Wherefore, good Sir, make no longer delay; 44
but being so near the breaking-up of your mortal house, take time before extremity to satisfy God's justice. Though you suffered the bud to be blasted and the flower to fade; though you permitted the fruit to be perished and the leaves to dry up; yea, though you let the boughs wither and the body of your tree grow to decay; yet alas! keep life in the root, for fear lest the whole become fuel for hell-fire. For surely, wheresoever the tree falleth there shall it be; whether it be to the south or north—heaven or hell—and such sap as it bringeth, such fruit shall it ever bear.

Death hath already filed from you the better 45
part of your natural forces and hath left you now to the lees and remissals of your werish and dying days; the remainder whereof, as it cannot be long, so doth it warn you speedily to ransom your former losses. For what is age but the kalends of death? And what importeth your present weakness but an earnest of your approaching dissolution?

You are now impathed in your final voyage 46
and not far off from the stint and period of your

course; and therefore be not dispurveyed of such appurtenances as are behoveful in so perplexed and perilous a journey.

Death in itself is very fearful but much more 47
terrible in regard of the judgment that it summoneth us unto.

If you were laid in your departing-bed, bur- 48
dened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting and prick of a festered conscience; if you felt the cramp of death wresting your heart-strings and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul; if you lay panting for breath and swimming in a cold and fatal sweat, wearied with struggling against your deadly pangs; O how much would you give for one hour of repentance! At what rate would you value one day's contrition!

Then worlds would be worthless in respect of 49
a little respite; a short truce would seem more precious than the treasures of empires; nothing would be so much esteemed as a trice of time, which now by months and years is lavishly misspent.

O how deeply would it wound your heart 50
when, looking back into your life, you considered many faults committed and not confessed; many good works omitted and not recovered; your service to God promised and not performed!

How inconsolable were your case: your 51
friends being fled, your senses frighted, your

thoughts amazed, your memory decayed, your whole mind aghast, and no part able to perform that it should; but only your guilty conscience, pestered with sin, that would continually upbraid you with most bitter accusations!

What would you think when, stripped out 52
of your mortal weed and turned both out of the service and house-room of this world, you were forced to enter into uncouth and strange paths, and with unknown and ugly company to be convented before a most severe Judge; carrying in your own conscience your indictment written and a perfect register of all your misdeeds?

When you should see Him prepared to pass 53
the sentence upon you against Whom you had transgressed, and the same to be your umpire Whom by so many offences you had made your enemy?

When not only the devils but even the angels 54
should plead against you, and yourself, mauger your will, be your sharpest appeacher?

What would you do in these dreadful exi- 55
gents? When you saw that ghastly dungeon and huge gulf of hell, breaking out with most fearful flames?

When you saw the weeping and gnashing of 56
teeth—the rage of those hellish monsters—the horror of the place—the rigour of the pain—the terror of the company—and the eternity of all these punishments?

Would you then think them wise that would 57
delay in so weighty matters and idly play away

the time allotted to prevent these intolerable calamities?

Would you then account it secure to nurse in your bosom so many serpents as sins? Or to suffer in your soul so many malicious accusers as mortal faults? 58

Would not you then think one life too little to do penance for so many iniquities, everyone whereof were enough to cast you into those everlasting and unspeakable torments? 59

Why then do you not at the least devote that small remnant and surplusage of these your latter days, procuring to make an atonement with God, and to free your conscience from such corruption as by your schism and fall hath crept into it? Whose very eyes that read this discourse, and that very understanding that conceiveth it, shall be cited and certain witnesses of the rehearsed things. 60

In your own body shall you experience those deadly agonies, and in your own soul shall you feelingly find those terrible fears; yea, and your present estate is in danger of the deepest harms if you do not the sooner recover yourself into the fold and family of God's Church. 61

What have you gotten by being so long customer to the world, but false ware suitable to the shop of such a merchant whose traffic is toil, whose wealth trash, and whose gain misery? What interest have you reaped that may equal your decrements in grace and virtue, or you find in a vale of tears paragable to the favour of 62

God, with the loss whereof you were contented to buy it?

You cannot be now inveigled with the passions 63
of youth, which, making a partial estimate of things, set no distance between counterfeit and current; for they are now worn out of force by tract of time or fallen in reproof by trial of their folly.

It cannot be fear that leadeth you amiss; 64
seeing it were too unfitting a thing that the craven cowardice of flesh and blood should daunt the prowess of an intelligent person, who by his wisdom cannot but discern how much more cause there is to fear God than man, and to stand in more awe of perpetual than of temporal penalties.

If it be an ungrounded presumption of the 65
mercy of God and the hope of His assistance at the last plunge—the ordinary lure of the devil to reclaim sinners from pursuit of virtue—it is too palpable a collusion to mislead a sound and sensed man, howsoever it prevail with sick and affected judgments.

Who could rely eternal affairs upon the glid- 66
ing slipperiness and running stream of our uncertain life? Or who but one of distempered wits would offer fraud to the Decipherer of all thoughts? With Whom dissemble we may, to our cost, but to deceive Him it is impossible.

Shall we esteem it cunning to rob the time 67
from Him and bestow it on His enemies? Who keepeth tally of the least minutes of our life and

will examine in the end how each moment hath been employed.

It is a preposterous policy in any wise conceit, 68
to fight against God till our own weapons be blunted, our forces consumed, our limbs impotent, and our best goods spent; and then when we fall for faintness and have fought ourselves almost dead, to presume of His mercy: the wounds, both of His sacred Body—so often rubbed and renewed by our sins—and every parcel of our own, so sundry and divers ways abused, being so many whetstones and incentives to edge and exasperate His revenge against.

It were a strange piece of art and a very ex- 69
orbitant course, while the ship is sound, the pilot well, the sailors strong, the gale favourable and the sea calm, to lie idle at road during so seasonable weather; and when the ship leaked, the pilot were sick, the mariners faint, the storms boisterous, and the sea a turmoil of outrageous surges, then to launch forth, to hoise up sails, and to set out for a voyage into far countries.

Yet such is the skill of these evening-re- 70
penters, who though in soundness of health and in the perfect use of reason, they cannot resolve to cut the cables and weigh the anchors that withhold them from God.

Nevertheless, they feed themselves with a 71
strong persuasion that when their senses are astonied, their wits distracted, their understanding dazzled, and both the body and mind racked

and tormented with the throbs and gripes of a mortal sickness; then forsooth will they think of the weightiest matters and become sudden saints, when they are scarce able to behave themselves like reasonable creatures.

If neither the canon, civil, nor common law 72
alloweth that a man perished in judgment should make any testament or bequest of his temporal substance, being then presumed to be less than a man, how can he that is amated with inward garboils of an unsettled conscience, distrained with the wringing fits of his dying flesh, maimed in all his abilities, and circled with so many encumbrances, be thought of so due discretion to dispose of his chiefest jewel, which is his soul? And to dispatch the whole manage of all eternity, and of the treasures of heaven, in so stormy and short a spurt?

No, no! They that will loiter in seed-time 73
and begin only to sow when others reap; they that will riot out their health and cast their accounts when they can scarcely speak; they that will slumber out the day and enter their journey when the light doth fail them; let them blame their own folly if they die in debt and eternal beggars, and fall headlong into the lapse of endless perdition.

Let such hearken to St. Cyprian's lesson. 74
Let, saith he, the grievousness of our sore be the measure of our sorrow; let a deep wound have deep and diligent cure; let no man's contrition be less than his crime.

Thinkest thou that our Lord can be so soon 75
appeased, Whom with perfidious words thou hast denied? Whom less than thy patrimony thou hast esteemed? Whose Temple with sacrilegious corruption thou hast defiled?

Thinkest thou easily to recover His favour 76
Whom thou hast avouched not to be thy Master?

We must rather most instantly entreat; we 77
must pass the day in mourning, the night in watching and weeping, our whole time in painful lamenting. We must fall prostrate upon the ground, humbling ourselves in sackcloth and ashes; and having lost the garment of Christ, we should be willing to be clothed with another.

Having farced our stomach with the viand of 78
the devil, we should now desire to fast from all earthly food. We should ply good works to purge our offences. We should be liberal in alms to avoid the death of our souls, that Christ may receive that the persecutor would have spoiled.

Neither ought that patrimony to be kept or 79
fancied with which a man hath been ensnared and vanquished.

Not every short sigh will be sufficient satis- 80
faction, nor every knock a warrant to get in. Many cry "Lord, Lord!" and are not accepted. The foolish virgins knocked and were not admitted. Judas had some sorrow and yet died desperate.

Forslow not, saith the Holy Ghost, to be con- 81

verted unto God, and linger not off from day to day; for suddenly will His wrath come and in the time of revenge He will destroy thee. Let no man sojourn long in his sinful security nor post over his repentance till fear enforce him unto it.

Let us frame our premises as we would find 82
our conclusion, and endeavour to live as we are desirous to die.

Shall we offer the main crop to the devil and 83
set God to glean the reproof of his harvest? Shall we gorge the devil with our fairest fruits and turn God to feed on the filthy scraps of his leavings? What is this but to spell God backward and of a God to make Him a dog, a blasphemy that would cause any Christian ear to glow?

How great a folly were it, when a man pineth 84
away in a perilous languor, to provide gorgeous apparel, to bespeak sumptuous furniture, and take order for the rearing of stately buildings; and never thinking of his own recovery, to let the disease incarnate within him. Were it not the like vanity for a Prince to dote so far upon his subject as, neglecting his own regality, to busy himself wholly in advancing his servant?

Thus, saith St. Chrysostom, do they that, 85
when their soul hath surfeited with all kind of sin and is drenched in the depth of infinite diseases, without any regard thereof, labour their wits in setting forth her garment, and in pampering the body with all possible delights. And

whereas the soul should have the sovereignty and the body follow the sway of her direction, servile senses and unlawful appetites do rule her as superiors; and she is made a vassal in her own dominions.

What is there, saith St. Augustine, in thy 86
meanest necessaries that thou wouldest not have good? Thou wouldest have a good house, good furniture, good apparel, good fare, good cattle; and not so much but thy hose and shoes you would seek to have good. Only thy life and poor soul—thy principal charge and of all other things the most worthy to be best—thou art content should be nought, and lie cankering and rusting in all kind of evils.

O unspeakable blindness! Can we prefer 87
our shoes before our soul, refusing to wear an evil shoe and not caring to carry an ugly and deformed soul? Alas! let us not set so little by that which God prized so much. Let us not rate ourselves at so base a pennyworth, being in truth of so peerless dignity.

If the soul be such that not all the gold and 88
treasure of the world, nor anything of less worth than the blood and life of Almighty God, was able to buy it; if not all the dainties that wit can devise or heaven and earth afford, but only God's own precious Body was by Himself deemed a repast fit to feed it; if not all the creatures of this world, nor millions of new worlds if so many were created, but only the illimitable goodness and majesty of God can

satisfy the desire and fill the compass and capacity of it; who but of lame judgment and perverse will—yea, who but of an incredulous mind and pitiless spirit—could set more by his shoes than he did by his soul, or be contented to suffer so noble a paragon so many months and years to lie channeled in ordure and mired in all sin?

Can we not see our servant sick but we allow 89
him a physician; our horse diseased but we send for a leech; nor our garment torn but we will have one to mend it; and we so much malign our soul as to let it die for want of cure? And seeing it mangled with so many vices, never seek any to restore it to the wonted integrity? Is our servant nearer, our beast more precious, and our coat dearer than our own soul?

If any should call us epicures, atheists, rebels 90
unto God, or murderers of souls, we would take it for an intolerable reproach and think it a most disgraceful and opprobrious calumniation; but to live like epicures, to sin like atheists, to struggle against God's callings, and like violent rebels to scorn His commandments; yea, and with daily and damnable wounds barbarously to stab our unfortunate souls: this we account no contumely, we reckon for no discredit; yea, we rather register it in the vaunt of our chief praises.

O ye sons of men! How long will ye carry 91
this heavy heart, aliking vanities and seeking lies? How long will children love the follies of

infancy and sinners run careless and wilful to their ruin?

Will you keep your chicken from the kite, 92
your lamb from the wolf, your fawn from the hound? Dare you not suffer a spider in your bosom or a toad to come near you? And can you nestle in your soul so many vipers as vices and permit it to be so long chewed and worried with the poisoned jaws and tusks of the devil?

And is our soul so vain a substance as to be 93
had in so little esteem? Had Christ made shipwreck of His wisdom, or was He in a rage of passion, when He became a wandering pilgrim—exiling Himself from the comforts of His Godhead and passing three and thirty years in pain and penury for the behoof of our souls?

Was He surprised with a raving fit when 94
in the tragedy of His Passion—so bloodily inflicted and so patiently accepted—He made His body as a cloud to resolve into showers of innocent blood, and suffered the dearest veins of His heart to be lanced, to give full issue to the price of our soul's redemption?

Or if Christ did not err nor deem amiss when 95
it pleased Him to redeem us with so excessive a ransom, then what should we judge of our monstrous abuse that sell our souls to the devil for every vain delight, and rather venture the hazard thereof than of a silly pittance of worldly pelf?

O that a creature of so incomparable price 96
should be in the domain of so unnatured keepers! And that which is in itself so gracious

and amiable that the angels and saints delight to behold it (as St. Chrysostom saith) should, by sin, be fashioned into so loathsome and disguised shapes as to become a horror to heaven and a suitly pheere for the foulest fiends!

Alas! if the care of our own harms move us 97
no more but that we can still be so barbarous to the better portion of ourselves, let us at the least fear to injure another Party—very careful and jealous over it—Who will never endure so deep an impeachment of His interest to pass unrevenged.

We must remember that our soul is not only 98
a part of us, but also the temple, the paradise, and spouse of Almighty God—by Him in baptism garnished, stored, and endowed with most gracious ornaments. And how, think we, can He brook to see His temple prophaned and turned into a den of devils, His paradise displanted and altered into a wilderness of serpents, His spouse deflowered and become an adultress to His utter enemies?

Durst we offer such usage to our princess? 99
Yea, or to our farmer's daughter? Would not fear of the law and popular shame disturn us from it? And shall not the reverent majesty of Almighty God and the unrebated justice of His angry sword terrify us from offering the like to His own spouse? Do we think God either so impotent that He can not, or so weak-witted that He knoweth not how to wreak Himself upon so contemptuous and daring offenders?

Will He so neglect and lose His honour which 100

of all things He deemeth as His chief peculiar? Will He that for the soul's sake keepeth a reckoning of our very hairs—which are but the excrements of her earthly weed—see Himself so much wronged in the principal and pass it over without remonstrance of His just judgment?

O dear Sir, remember that the Scripture 101
termeth it a thing full of horror to fall into the hands of God, Who is able to crush the proud spirits of the obstinate and to make His enemies the foot-stool of His feet.

Wrestle no longer against the cries of your 102
own conscience and the forcible inspirations that God doth send you. Embrace His mercy before the time of rigor, and return to His Church lest He debar you His kingdom.

He cannot have God for his Father that re- 103
fuseth to profess the Catholic Church for his Mother. Neither can he achieve to the Church triumphant in heaven that is not a member of the Church militant here in earth.

You have been, alas, too long an alien in the 104
tabernacles of sinners and strayed too far from the fold of God's flock. Turn now the bias of your heart towards the Sanctuary of Salvation and the City of Refuge, seeking to recompense your wandering steps trodden in error with a swift gait and zealous progress to Christian perfection; and redeeming the time because the days be evil.

The full of your spring tide is now fallen, and 105
the stream of your life runneth at a low ebb.

Your tired ship beginneth to leak and grateth often upon the gravel of your grave.

And therefore it is high time for you to strike 106
sail and to put into harbour; lest, remaining in the scope of the wicked wind and weather of this time, some unexpected gust and sudden storm dash you upon the rocks of eternal ruin.

Tender the pitiful estate of your poor soul 107
and hereafter be more fearful of hell than of persecution; and more eager of Heaven than of worldly repose.

If God the Father had been the inditer, the 108
Son the sender, the Holy Ghost the scribe that had written this letter; if He had dipped His pen in the wounds of our Saviour and used His precious blood in lieu of ink; if one of the highest seraphins formed into visible personage had come in most solemn embassage to deliver it unto you; do you not think it would have strained your heart and won your thoughts to fulfil the contents, and alter your course according to the tenour thereof?

Doubtless I suppose you will not deny it. 109
Then, good Sir, let it now take the same effect, seeing that difference had been in the ceremonies and not in the substance; and that very God, that in these Three Persons should have then invited you to your conversion, saith of such as I am—though most unworthy—"He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me."

I exhort you therefore as the vicegerent of 110

God, and I humbly request you as a dutiful child, that you would surrender your assent and yield your soul a happy captive to God's merciful inspirations, proceeding from an infinite love and tending to your assured good.

I have expressed not only my own but the 111
earnest desire of your other children, whose humble wishes are here written with my pen. For it is a general sore that sitteth at our hearts whom it hath pleased God to shroud under His merciful wings, to see our dearest father—to whom both Nature hath bound and your merits fastened our affection—to be dismembered from the body to which we are united, and to be in hazard of a farther and more grievous separation.

O good Sir! shall so many of your branches 112
enjoy the quickening sap and fry of God's Church, and daily shooting up higher towards Heaven, bring forth the flowers and fruits of salvation; and you that are the root of us all lie barren and fruitless, still covered in earth and buried in flesh and blood?

Shall the birds of heaven—I mean the angels 113
—sing and build upon your boughs, and the stem be devoured by the worm of conscience and pestered with the vermin that schism engendereth? Shall the beams be bright and the sun eclipsed, the brooks clear and the headspring troubled?

Your lot hath no such affinity with the nature 114

of a phoenix that you should reap your offspring of your own ruins. You are not so tied to the straits of a pelican as to revive your issue with murdering yourself; neither we a generation of vipers that cannot come to life but by our parents' destruction.

Yea rather, it is the thing we have chiefly in 115
request that we may be as near linked in spiritual as we are in carnal consanguinity; and living with you in the compass of one Church, we may, to our unspeakable comfort, enjoy in heaven your desired company.

Disblame me, good Sir, if zeal of your re- 116
covery have carried me beyond the limits of a letter. So important a truth cannot be too much averred, nor too many hooks baited to draw a soul out of the puddle of schism; the misery thereof is so great if it fall, the reward so excessive if it stand, so malicious the enemies that assault it, and so just the Judge that must proceed upon it; that to raise it from the lapse and to fortify it from recidivation, no number of helps can be more than needful nor any persuasions more vehement than necessary.

Howsoever therefore the soft gales of your 117
morning pleasures lulled you in slumbery fits; howsoever the violent heats of noon might awake affections; yet now, in the cool and calm of the evening, retire to a Christian rest and close up the day of your life with a clear sunset: that leaving all darkness behind you and carrying in

your conscience the light of grace, you may escape the horror of eternal night, and pass from a mortal day to an everlasting morrow.

Thus eftsoons commending unto you my 118
bounden duty and humbly desiring that my sincere affection may find excuse of my boldness, I will surcease.

This 22nd of October, 1589,

Your most dutiful and loving son,

R. S.

# VENERABLE ROBERT SOUTHWELL'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

*Printed from the only known manuscript in which it is preserved, that is, British Museum MS. Additional* 10,422.

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## A LETTER WRITTEN TO HIS BROTHER.

Understanding that you were resolved upon a course which nearest toucheth the salvation of your soul, I received such contentment as a sincere and a most faithful love feeleth in the long-desired happiness of so dear a friend.

But hearing since that you will dwell in danger and linger in new delays, my hopes hang in suspense and my heart in grief—angry with the chains that thus enthral you and sorry to see you captive to your own fears. 2

Shrine not any longer a dead soul in a living body; bail reason out of senses' prison; that after so long a bondage in sin you may enjoy your former liberty in God's Church and free your thoughts from the servile awe of uncertain perils. 3

If all should take effect that your timorous surmises suggest, yet could not even the misery of your present estate, which, depriving you of the patronage and keeping you in the disfavour 4

of God, hath neither left you any greater benefit to lose nor any deeper infelicity to incur.

Weigh with yourself to how easy price you 5
rate God, Whom you are content to sell for the use of your substance; yea, and for the only preventing a loss which haply will never ensue.

Have you so little need of Him that you can 6
so long forbear Him? Or is He so worthyless in your estimate that you will venture nothing for Him?

Adjourn not, I pray you, a matter of such im- 7
portance. Remember that one sin begetteth another; and when you yield to nurse daily this venomous brood in your breast, what can you look for but that like vipers they should eat themselves out with your destruction?

Custom soon groweth to a second nature and 8
being once full owner of the mind it can hardly be cast out of possession.

If to-day you find yourself faint, fainter 9
are you like to be to-morrow; sith you languish in the same disease without cure and suffer the corrosive of sin to consume you without laying the implaster.

How can you flatter yourself with an un- 10
grounded hope of mercy, sith to continue it so long is the next way to stop the fountain of it for ever?

The more you offend God the less you deserve 11
His favour; and to be deaf when He calleth you is to close His ears against all cries in time of your necessity.

If you mean to surrender your heart unto 12
Him, why lend you so much leisure to the devil to fortify his hold? And why dam you up the passages with mire by which the pure waters of grace must flow into your soul?

Look if you can upon a crucifix without blush- 13
ing; do but count the five wounds of Christ once over without a bleeding conscience. Read your sins in those bloody characters and examine your thoughts whether the style do please them.

Alas! if that innocent blood move you not, or 14
if you can find still in your heart to rub afresh so undeserved wounds, I would I might send you the sacrifice of my dearest veins to try whether Nature could awake remorse and prepare a way for Grace's entrance.

Sorrow puts me to silence and therefore ab- 15
ruptly I must end, desiring you to have pity on yourself whose harms make so bitter impression in others' minds.

God of His goodness strengthen you in all 16
your good designments.

# VENERABLE ROBERT SOUTHWELL'S LETTER TO HIS COUSIN "W.R."

*Printed for the first time from the only known manuscript in which it is preserved, that is, British Museum MS. Additional* 10,422, *with the original spelling and punctuation.*

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## A LETTER WRITEN BY P.B. TO HIS COOSYN W.R.

I knowe not how to write, because I knowe not to whome to write to my cosyn or to a stranger to my frend, or to his contrarie: but whom I would write, is to him I knew to bee my Cosyn german a thinge in nature to bynd farr strayinge thoughtes and to a Christian a dewtie in it selfe to reconcile enemies which I write to this ende, that if ther were no other ende, my companie might not bee thus with uncharitable skorne rejected. My elder wit repentes his younger weakness. Let not from your Cosyn, whom nature hath made an instrument of helpe, bee powred upon destruction, when I was able to be anie bodies I was yours; be not now against mee, when I can not bee my owne: I write no more than my harte indightes. Cursed are those affections, that ever waight upon prosperites, and cursed is that prosperitie that is never

wayted on with affliction. I seeke no Reliefe from whom I have fownde distresse, but let me never have reliefe If I seeke not your love without reliefe then is not my povertie dangerous to your estate for you neede not fear geving except it be a charitable mynde; to except some thinge where there is litle which somethinge will leave my self lesse then litle. Yet wyllingly will I yealde you somthinge rather then suffer your wronge construction of my honest meaninge. If thes lynes maye obtayne of you some feelinge spirite of their masters misfortunes then have I performed their office.

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## A SOLILOQUY OF VENERABLE ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.,

*now first printed from his autograph manuscript preserved at Stonyhurst College (MS. A. v. 4).*

Alas! why do I lament his loss that will needs be lost? Why do I fasten my affection upon him whose soul I cannot aid? Is it a motion of true charity or a passion of fancy?

I seek his spiritual avail and regard not his corporal presence, and for this it should seem a virtuous amity.

Yet love I his person and cannot further his profit, and in this respect it might seem a sensual liking.

If I persuade myself that God hath given him a lovely semblant to the intent he might

have the more friends to regard his safety, why may I not as well deem that where seemly shape is severed from sincerity of manners it is rather a spur to perdition than a means to salvation?

Yet, alas, can I deem that a thing as well able to entice the good to help him as the bad to hunt and hurt him, should be of God rather referred to the second than addressed to the first?

Did God beautify his countenance for a means to blemish his soul, or did He set a bait in his eyes to win only their hearts that would work his harm?

Why should I not rather judge that God would bend by His favour good men's inclination unto him, and mark him with this amiable cognizance[1] that whoso viewed his person might desire the like comeliness in his soul and think it their duty to procure that he should be most like unto God in goodness whom God hath made so like unto Him in goodliness?

[1] Owing to an erasure in MS. it is difficult to decipher this word, but I think that printed is intended.

## APPENDIX I.

### THE TEXT.

In settling the text the following manuscripts have been collated:—

A. Stonyhurst College MS. A. v. 27.
B. British Museum MS. Additional 10,422.
C. " " " 34,395.
D. Oscott College MS. B. 11.

*The Triumphs over Death* occurs in A and B only; I am unaware of any other MS. containing this work. The Epistle to his Father occurs in all four. The Letters to his Brother and to "W.R." are in B only. The Soliloquy is in none of the above but, in the author's own hand, in another Stonyhurst College volume containing an invaluable and unique collection of Father Southwell's autograph fragments.

The only known edition of *The Triumphs over Death* printed in the 16th century, is that of 1596 (copy in the British Museum), but as the work was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1595 (by John Busby on 20th Nov., vide *Arber's Transcripts* iii. 5), it has been surmised that the earliest printed edition appeared in that year; this I doubt, for not only does that of 1596 bear internal marks of being the first

edition, but the later editions (1620, 1630, 1634) follow its text without indication of dependence upon or collation with any other source. At the same time there is just the possibility that the present publication may lead to the discovery of a 1595 edition.

In 1815 Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted the work in *Archaica* (vol. 1) from the 1596 edition, and in 1826 Mr. W. Joseph Walter included it in a volume of Father Southwell's prose works; Walter also follows the printed edition, but the licence with which he has abridged and "improved" both the verse and prose of Southwell renders his editorial work unworthy a place in any critical survey of our author's writings.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the manuscripts consulted are anterior to the earliest printed edition.

For what appear to me weighty reasons I have made B my chief authority and have scrupulously followed it except where variations, all of minor importance, have the joint support of A and the printed edition; but occasionally where such joint authority might by some be considered final I have still preferred the rendering of B. Such variations as the most exacting critic could reasonably require notice of are given below, and it remains only to add that the reader is presented with a faithful reproduction of simple and beautiful sixteenth century English, unsullied with later embellish-

ments, and with the orthography and punctuation alone changed (not entirely without regret as concerns the former) to suit current usage. The numbers relate to the paragraphs, the division and numbering of which are my own, and p.e.=printed edition.

*The Author to the Reader.*

A. *intended, lamented* 2

*The Triumphs over Death.*

p.e. omit the second *blessing* 1

Both A. and B. *so hath salved* 2

p.e. *kind* for *loving*. *loving* for *lovely* 4

A. scripture *alloweth* 5

p.e. that *sorrow* of courtesy 7

A. *torment*

A. and p.e. feeling *of* pity

p.e. *signell* for *sequel* 10

p.e. vowed *themselves* 11

A. *too* ready effect

p.e. *persuade* the heart

p.e. kindness *to others* 12

„ *joined* their thoughts

„ *discerneth our meditation* for *deserveth not our imitation*

A. *forego* their tears; p.e. *force*. In B the spelling is *forgee*

A. and p.e. *so* easily 14

A. by *a kind of* prescription

*main* A. *mayme* B. *mayne* p.e. *mean* 16

A. and p.e. *perfect* lovers

„ *from* storms; but *for* has warrant, vide *The Tempest* I. 1. 49 "*for* (=from) drowning"

p.e. *farewells* for *funerals* 17
„ *degree* for *pedigree* 19
B. in *either* things
A. envy *itself*, corrected from *herself* 20
„ had *dead* in her dispraise, but corrected to *dumb*
p.e. memories *of* divers 24
B. omits *than offering* 25
p.e. *grateful* for *graceful* 26
A. *duly* for *daily*; p.e. agrees with B. 32
A. originally had *enemies* for *injuries*; p.e. *wrongs* 35
p.e. omit *a Catholic* and read "she did die true to her religion" 39
„ "as long as *she breathed*, her body" 40
„ *this surely* for *this little survey* 42
A. and p.e. *with* God 45
A. *praisers*, but p.e. agrees with B.
p.e. *employing* for *implying* 46
„ omits *pleading* and has *adornment* for *adjournment* 47
„ *safest* for *surest* 48
Both MSS. and the p.e. "She being in place;" the *a* is the present editor's addition and his only one in the work 50
A. little need and less *joy*; p.e. *or* less joy; B omits *joy* and is I think correct, the meaning probably being "less than little," occurring in the letter to "W.R."; see also *Troilus and Cressida*, Act 2, Sc. 3, opening speech of Thersites

A. and p.e. *longer* life 52

p.e. reads "our life is but lent; a good to make," etc. 56

B. it *seemed* 61

p.e. reads "resolved between fear and hope of longer continuance. Cut off unripe cares lest with the notice and pensiveness," etc.

p.e. "to take their passport in this hourly middle of their course" 62 & 63

„ *kindlier* for *timelier* 64

„ *the Blessed Virgin* for *our Blessed Lady* 68

„ *the Blessed Virgin* for *our Lady* 69

„ *debt* for *deck* 71

„ *fruits* for *sweetness* 73

A. *decent* for *your love* 77

p.e. *your nature and judgment* for *your mature judgment*

A. has *mewed* in mishap but p.e. agrees with B. 79

p.e. *Northeast* for *worthiest* 82

A. and p.e. *ourselves* for *themselves* 84

p.e. mutilates this passage thus:—"If Mary Magdalen said, and supposed she could have sunk," etc. 87

„ reads *an eternal being*, omits *singled* and has *presented* for *present* 88

„ *change* for *chance* 90

„ *wounds* for *words* 91

„ "it was her wish, they should repay her absence with usury" 92

„ *heaviness* for *hoariness*; 1620 has *gravity*

p.e. *felicity* for *infelicity* 98
„ *provided* for *provident* 100
A. *tendered* 101
p.e. omits *motions of* and *tied to* 106
„ errand *unknown* for errand *known* 107
„ as little *fear* for as little, *sure* 108
A. and p.e. read "her soul being given *to God*," and the latter has *resorted* for *sorted* and *her* for *the* first elements 109
A. "of our decease" for "of death" 112
p.e. reads "of that Death is the inheritance" 113
„ *reverence* for *revenues* 114
A. "for as in *trees*"; p.e. "for as in *tears*" 118
p.e. *one* endowment for *no* endowment 120
„ *benefits* for *beauties* 121
„ "death finding her weaker, though not the weaker vessel" 123
„ *greeting* for *grieving* and *succession of times* for *successive turns* 125
„ *necessity* for *indifferency* 131
A. *own* misery for *self* misery and *faining* for *seeing*; p.e. has *fearing if he can find* 135
p.e. *by thought to induce it* for *by unwillingness to endure it*
„ *shame* for *slave* 137
A. and p.e. have *sense* for *force* 140
p.e. *pleasant* pleasures for *present* pleasures
A. and p.e. *hopes* for *haps* 141
p.e. *convenience* for *connexion*
„ *forecasting* for *forgetting*
A. *her* former virtues 142
„ *in* a helpless mischance. p.e. *hapless* for *helpless* 146

A. and p.e. *seeing* for *seeking*; p.e. *striving* for *crying* and *rush* for *mesh* 147

p.e. *slip* for *step* and *shunned* for *summed* B omits *in your fortune* and *left* after *comfort* 148

A. and p.e. having *in one ship* 150

p.e. *received* for *recovered* 152

A. and p.e. "a soul that is owner of *God*" but I think B correct in making *that* relative to *innocency* 155

p.e. "Bear not therefore with her losses"; 156

„ *interested* for *entrusted*

„ *manifested* for *manifold* 157

A. *her* sampler; p.e. *this* sampler

p.e. reads "safe returned. For so apparent hazards, she carried," etc. 160

A. and p.e. *earthly* for *unworthy*

p.e. *draw* for *drive*, *slime* for *film*, *vanities* for *folly* 162

„ *her* for *His* beauties 164

„ *stemme* of perfume for *stream* of perfume 165

„ *and* you for *add* you the third twist 166

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Taking B as my chief authority for the text of Father Southwell's Epistle to his Father, I have carefully collated it with A, C and D. Finding on the whole a remarkable agreement and the variations, which are noted below, of slight importance, I have judged it needless to extend the collation, and thereby delay publication, to a manuscript of this Epistle pre-

served in the Bodleian. It is probable that other copies of this letter will be discovered, as there can be no doubt it circulated widely in manuscript at a time when to publish it in print would have been perilous. In 1817 Mr. Walter, referred to above, printed it in a very imperfect form in the appendix to his edition of Father Southwell's Poems; in 1856 Mr. W. B. Turnbull in his *The Poetical Works of the Rev. Robert Southwell,* reprints the Epistle verbatim from Walter. It can be justly claimed that the letter is now printed for the first time in its complete form, and that, like the *Triumphs,* it furnishes a specimen of our noble English tongue at its best and free from the corruption and confusion with which pedantry and pride have since too often defaced it.

*The Superscription.*

A. '*Mr. Rich*: *Sou*: *Esq.* and *Rob. Sou*: it ends with a cross.

C. The first leaf, except for a corner fragment, is missing.

D. has this curious heading:—

"An excelent Epistle (perswasitorie) from a childe to his father diswading him from scissum and from vices in general setting forth the judgmentes of God and the punishmentes due for sinne. Verye necessarie to be considered of of all degrees and sortes of menn whatsoever.

Reade with good consideration."

D. *part* of duty 1
C. *ingraffed* 2
D. *nowadays* cannot of *good* people
,, an *unwelcome* courtesy 5
,, censures *of me* 6
,, *state* of Christianity 9
B. omits *chiefly reigneth* and *in* before *malice*
A. *piety* to prevail
D. *stoutest* heart. Omits *with pity* after *melt* 11
,, in the *peril to* fall
D. *less* able to employ 14
,, spiritual *riches*. A, C, and D, *pursuing a painful chase* 16
,, "that my drugs may cure you by whom I have cured, delighted and fed myself"
,, differing from A, B, and C, reads "sound judgment, profound knowledge, and hoary senses are often," etc. 17
A. C. and D. aged *person* 18
for *differenceth* C has *discerneth* and D *differeth* 22
B. *small* divines; the meaning is identical with *shallow* and in spite of B differing from the other MSS., it is not without misgiving that I submit to their united authority 24
D. deliver *and nimble*; the addition explains the archaic word
A. and C. *construe*; B and D. *conster*; in printing the former I unwillingly conform to the usage of modern editors of Shakespeare 25
B. *patrons in final passage* 26

A. C. and D. enter you *further* 27
A. B. and C have *R.* Only D has *Robert*
D. *weighing* for *waning* 30
D. *young* for *green*; *seared* for *sere* 31
,, omits *maturity* after *manhood* 32
,, *a flinty field* 34
C. *the Lord* for *our loving Lord* 36
A. C. and D. enlarge *us* leisure to sin
B. *offer* a foe's deserts 40
A. C. and D. *delays* 44
A. *go* to decay
D. bringeth *forth*
,, *felled* for *filed* 45
A. *wearish,* B. *werish.* C. *wearyshe.* D. *weerish*
D. an earnest *penny*
,, omits *and fatal* 48
,, a short *trice* 49
A. a *little* trice
B. looking back into your *self* 50
A. C. and D. *dally,* B. *delay.* The meaning is the same (vide *Shakespeare Lexicon*) 57
A. and C. *foster* in your soul 58
A. C. and D. *those* very eyes 60
A. *recited* things
D. *which is* the ordinary lure 65
C. gliding *slip* 66
A. B. and C. *tale*; D. *tally*—the same meaning 67
D. *course in* policy 68
A. C. and D. omit *goods*
,, revenge against *us* but B omits *us* and is I think correct, as *against* refers to *whetstones*

D. *tempestuous* surges 69
A. *strange* persuasion 71
D. *astonished* for *astonied* and *dusked* for *dazzled*
A. *troubles* for *throbs*
D. *suddenly* saints
A. and D. *amazed*; B. and C. *amated* 72
A. C. and D. circled *in*
C. and D. *strange* encumbrances
A. and C. omit *so* before *due*
D. let them blame *themselves* 73
„ *corasive* for *cure* 74
A. C. and D. "*unwilling* to be clothed with *any* other," but does not B. (as in the text) correctly render the meaning, that is *willingness* to be clothed with the garment of *penance*? 77
C. omits the sentence "Having . . . food," the pun apparently being too much for the Cromwellian digestion. (MS. 'C' is Sir Henry Cromwell's copy) 78
D. *forced* for *farced*
C. *destroyed* for *spoiled*
B. not every short *sight*
D. *refuse* for *reproof*. B. omits *our* before *fairest fruits*. C. omits the sentence "What is this . . . . . glow?" D. *scrapings* for *scraps*. 83
B. *speak* for *bespeak*; both are correct (vide *Merchant of Venice* II. 4. 5) 84
C. *sumptuous* for *stately* and *take root* for *incarnate*

C. and D. *lawless* for *unlawful* 85
C. omits *good furniture* 86
D. *good fair cattle* for *good fare, good cattle*
B. *let us not set by that which*, omitting *so little* 87
B. *will* can devise. *perverst* will 88
D. *former* for *wonted* 89
B. chief *prayers* 90
*Worried*:—A. *werried*, B. *weried*, C. *wearyed*, D. *worrowed* 92
D. raving *wit* 94
D. *at the disposition and* in the demain 96
C. and D. *unnatural* for *unnatured*
D. omits *and amiable*
*Suitly*:—A. *suitely*, B. *sutlie*, C. *sutelye*, D. *sutelie*
A. B. and C. to *injury*. D. reads "Let us at least fear to offend him with committing so great an injury who is very careful," etc. 97
A. and B. *endewed*. C. and D. *endowed* 98
B. for *his* soul sake and omits *without* before *remonstrance* 100
A. and C. just *indignation*
B. *conspirations* for *inspirations* 102
*Bias*:—A. *biaze*, B. *biace*, C. *byace*, D. *byas* 104
B. originally had *gulfe* for *gust*. D. has *gulpth*. I suspect the original word in B. is correct. For the contemporary use of *gulph* or *gulf* see *Shakespeare Lexicon* 106

B. omits *into* before *visible* 108

B. omits *daily* before *shooting* 112

In the British Museum (MS. Additional 38,015) is a collection of the correspondence of Sir R. Southwell, dated 1659-1697, at the beginning of which is a sheet endorsed " 22. 8 . 1589, from R. S. to his ffather R. S." This sheet reproduces our text from this paragraph to the conclusion but differs at the commencement thus:—" The nuse [news] of your recovery hath carryed mee beyond the limittes of a letter," etc. 116

This is very curious; the document, although a fragment, having been in our author's family demands consideration. If this somewhat startling departure from the text of the complete manuscripts, that is " the news of your recovery," be allowed to carry weight, it lends colour to an opinion I am inclined to hold, namely, that much of Southwell's original work has been expanded, and then not always by himself.

With the exception of B. the MSS. read *slumbring* fits. But *slumbry* in B. has a parallel in Macbeth V. 1. 12: " *slumbry agitation* " 117

D. eternal *light* for eternal *night*

The date and subscription are from A. C. and Sir R. Southwell's fragment above referred to. D. ends with " Deo Gratias " 118

# APPENDIX II.

## (*a*) SISTER AND BROTHER.

Lady Margaret Howard and Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, were respectively daughter and son of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk (beheaded in 1572), the latter by his first wife, the Lady Mary Fitzalan, and the former by his second wife, Margaret Audley, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Audley of Walden who was Lord Chancellor in the reign of Henry VIII. The first and second wives of this Duke died in childbed and he married a third time Lady Dacres, widow of Lord Dacres of the North; his third wife brought under the Duke's care her one son and three daughters by her first marriage, and the eldest of these daughters, Anne Dacres, the Duke contracted in marriage to his own son and heir Philip, when the former was twelve years of age and the latter a few months younger; the contract was ratified when the latter attained the age of fourteen.

The Lady Margaret[1] was married to Robert Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset; she died in August, 1591, at the age of

[1] Some interesting notices concerning this lady appear in *The Month* for June, 1900, from the pen of the learned Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., in a paper headed "A Memorial of Two Lady Margarets."

29, and to assuage her brother's grief the *Triumphs over Death* was originally written.

To present a worthy survey of the life of Earl Philip would carry me beyond the limits of this volume. Suffice it here to say that after ten and a half years of cruel imprisonment in the Tower of London (the mural inscriptions cut by him may still be seen in the Beauchamp Tower) he died, not without suspicion of foul-play, on the 19th October, 1595. He was a convert to the Catholic Faith (as also were his sister the Lady Margaret and his wife the Countess Ann) and

> "As the heresies that men do leave
> Are hated most of those they did deceive,"

from the moment of his conversion he was an unwavering witness to the Truth, and accordingly became the object of the hatred and persecution (as also his wife and sister) of the unspeakably wicked woman whom our own Bishop Milner justly terms "that remorseless bird of prey."

At Arundel Castle is preserved a manuscript Life of both the Earl and his Countess. This was printed in 1857[1] by His Grace the then Duke of Norfolk; who ever may have the good fortune to possess or consult a copy of that work will understand the restraint exercised in limiting myself to this brief notice of a subject fraught with material for the highest themes of tragedy,

[1] An excellent little biography of the Earl, compiled from this source, is published by the Catholic Truth Society at the price of one penny.

and which when it receives the extensive notice it merits, will throw much light upon those creations of the king of tragical drama which have ever since astonished and puzzled the thinking world. With his words I close:—

"He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause."

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### (*b*) FATHER AND SON.

To which of his brothers Father Southwell addressed the letter herein printed, the particular circumstances which occasioned it (except as is obvious, a lapse from the open profession of his religion), and its effect upon the recipient, there is no record known to me.

Concerning the father, I confess that want of leisure has prevented special research on my part and therefore I do no more than borrow some scanty details from two notable Protestant scholars—Dr. Alexander Grosart and Dr. Augustus Jessopp; in the case of the former from *The Complete Poems of Robert Southwell*, 1872 (Memorial Introduction, p. xxxv. et seq.) and of the latter from *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, 1878 (p. 191, Note 1).

John Southwell, of Felix Hall in Essex, lived in the reign of Henry VI and in the 28th and 29th years of that reign was M.P. for Lewes in Sussex. He had two sons, Robert and John. John was ancestor to the Southwells represented

by Viscount Southwell in Ireland. Robert, the elder son, succeeded his father at Felix Hall; this Robert had a son, Richard, whose eldest son and heir (by a second marriage) was Sir Richard Southwell, the grandfather of our martyr; this Sir Richard was a great favourite with Henry VIII and by him appointed one of the visitors for the suppression of the monasteries in Norfolk; he was of the Privy Council to Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary Tudor; master of the ordnance and armoury, one of the executors to Henry VIII's will, and high-steward of the Duchy of Lancaster. During the lifetime of his first wife he had a number of children by Mary, daughter of Thomas Darcy of Danbury, who eventually became his second wife; Richard (our martyr's father) was the eldest of his sons born out of wedlock and was settled upon an estate at Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk; he was living there in 27 Elizabeth (1585-6). He was twice married; by his first wife (Bridget, daughter of Sir Roger Copley of Roughway, Sussex) he had issue:

1. *Richard,* of Spixworth, Norfolk, who married Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, of Brome, Suffolk, whence descend the Southwells of Kinsale in Ireland, Barons de Clifford,
2. *Thomas;*
3. *Robert,* our martyr;
4. *Mary,* married to Edward Banister of Idsworth, Hants;
5. Other four daughters.

His second wife was Margaret, daughter of John Styles, parson of Ellingham. Grosart did not think it necessary to record the issue of his second marriage, but he says (without giving his authority) " he died a prisoner in the Fleet."

Jessopp writes (reference as above):—
" Richard Southwell, Esq., had been compelled to sell his property at St. Faith's in the very year that Father Gerard arrived in England [i.e. end of October, 1588]. He was heavily in debt, and in 1589 I find him in the Fleet at the suit of Henry Doyle, Esq., and one of the Townsends, and appealing to the Privy Council for relief. But his affairs were evidently in a hopeless state of embarrassment. He appears to have died in the Fleet at last—Blomefield's *Norfolk,* x. 441; *Records of the Privy Council,* 6th and 7th July, 1589."

The facts and the dates above recorded, the date appended to Father Southwell's Epistle (22nd Oct., 1589), and the unique reading of the fragment in Sir R. Southwell's correspondence (vide my notes on the text) raise questions which further research alone can satisfactorily answer. There can however be little doubt that our martyr's appeal brought about his father's " recovery " and that this recovery was the immediate cause of the sale of his estate and his imprisonment in the Fleet. But as the Epistle is addressed to one still living in schism and in no way suggests that at the time of writing it Mr. Richard Southwell was a prisoner, I hazard

the opinion that there was an original and perhaps shorter letter written long before the Epistle now published, the latter being (as in the case of the *Triumphs* and of Fr. Southwell's *Epistle of Comfort*—a work which I fervently hope may be reprinted in this series—) enlarged for general application, while the former was restricted to a particular person and purpose.

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### (*c*) THE AUTHOR.

For the price of one penny an excellent little biography of Robert Southwell by Mr. Gilberte Turner is published by the Catholic Truth Society; the *Dictionary of National Biography* furnishes a scholarly record of his life and works, and many writers, Protestant as well as Catholic, have with warm appreciation placed on record facts and comments concerning our hero. But it must be confessed that, with the very remarkable exception I shall afterwards advance, no attempt has been made to enshrine this sublime character, one of the chief darlings of the muses and one of the brightest ornaments of our English nation, in the hearts of his co-religionists and other of his fellow-countrymen. I hardly think it an exaggeration to say that even the name of Robert Southwell is unknown to one in a thousand of the latter. The present work may do something to remove this national reproach, but as a worthy biography must be

produced only by a genius gifted with "a quill pulled from the eagle's wing," I limit myself to a few brief details.

Our author was born at Horsham St. Faith's in Norfolk in or about 1561. When "very young" (date unknown) he was sent to the Douai seminary and in his fifteenth year passed to Paris, studying there under the guidance of the saintly Father Thomas Darbyshire who, formerly Archdeacon of Essex, upon the accession of Elizabeth sacrificed for conscience sake all his preferments and went with many others, the noblest, truest and most learned of England's sons, into exile.

In his seventeenth year (1578), at Rome, he entered the Society of Jesus. He made part of his novitiate at Tournai, where in 1580 he took his first vows, and then proceeded again to Rome to be made Prefect of Studies at the English College there; it is recorded that at this time he took the opportunity of studying his mother tongue, a fact which gives us some idea of the extremely youthful age at which he was sent abroad.

In 1584 he was ordained priest. In 1586, accompanied by Father Henry Garnett, he proceeded to the English Mission, reaching his native land in the July of that year. For some months he was sheltered by William of Harrowden, third Lord Vaux, in his house at Hackney, but was afterwards received into the house of the Lady Anne, wife to Philip Earl of Arundel

(then prisoner in the Tower), really as chaplain but seemingly as groom; his residence was therefore chiefly in London but there is evidence that his six years of missionary labour was by no means restricted to the metropolis.

These years I pass over; his purpose may be read in the letters herein printed; its success may be gauged by a record of his confrère, Father Gerard:—" The good Superior (Father Garnett) gave us excellent instructions as to the method of helping and gaining souls, as did also Father Southwell, who much excelled in that art, being at once prudent, pious, meek, and exceedingly winning " (*The Condition of Catholics,* etc., by Fr. John Morris, S.J., 1871, pp. xxiv-v). It was his success as an angler for souls mired in what he himself calls " the puddle of schism," and no political intriguing, of which he was falsely suspected, which made him the particular quarry of the bloodhounds whose purpose it was to hunt to death those of our fellow-countrymen who had adhered to, or were being reconciled to, the ancient Faith.

From the moment (if not earlier) in which he as a youth entered the Society of Jesus his life was as completely offered to his Divine Master as was that of St. Ignatius of Loyola or St. Francis Xavier, and although his sphere of labour differed from theirs, the fire of divine Love, the thirst for the salvation of souls, and the ardent longing for martyrdom, burned in his breast as hotly as in theirs; the fragmentary

outpourings of his soul which have survived are sufficient evidence of this, and if, against almost incredible odds, he escaped for six years the diabolical schemes of the persecutors to capture him, the fact is attributable to his prudent determination to spend himself, as long as Divine Providence should permit, in the service of the persecuted Catholics, and not to any fear of the barbarous cruelty which he knew well would be the inevitable sequel to his capture; in fact his chief fear, manifested in his letters which have come down to us, was that he might prove unworthy of the martyr's crown.

By proclaiming him a second Cicero, his literary executor, John Trussell, sufficiently illuminates those years I am passing over, so far as concerns our hero's gift of oratory; of the effective use of this gift we have evidence in a letter written in 1635 (forty years after the martyrdom) by the Provincial of the Jesuits in England to the Father General (Foley, *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, Vol. 7, part II, p. 1136):

"A man of high position died this year. He had once heard Father Robert Southwell preach a sermon, full of divine fervour, in which he had earnestly excited the souls of young men to the pursuit of a virtuous life; he often related to some of our friends that this sermon was regarded as miraculous, the face of the preacher, then advanced in life, appearing radiant with light and his head as though sur-

rounded by bright rays. From that time forward this gentleman became a totally changed man."

In the light of which may be read Shakespeare's Sonnet 17, *vide* appendix (*d*):—

> "If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
> And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
> The age to come would say, *This poet lies*;
> *Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.*"

Finally he was betrayed by a woman into the hands of a villain whose inhuman nature and diabolical cruelties beggar description; the reader may very justly imagine him portrayed in the person of Aaron the Moor in *Titus Andronicus*. I allude to Richard Topcliffe, the familiar of Queen Elizabeth, and as what I as a Catholic say of this fiend-like monster may by some be discredited, let the reader consult the two Protestant scholars, Dr. Jessopp and Dr. Grosart, in their writings referred to in the preceding sketch.

The atrocious parts played in the ensuing tragedy both by Topcliffe and his mistress Elizabeth give point to the bitter cry in Shakespeare's Sonnet 19:—

> "Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
> And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;

Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived Phoenix in her blood."

The following facts are drawn partly from a paper penned by the late Mr. Richard Simpson, "Father Southwell and his capture," which appears in the *Rambler* for February, 1857 (Vol. VII, New Series p. 98), and is based upon the authority of existing State Papers, and other contemporary documents, references to which Mr. Simpson supplies fully; but since then further material has been gathered and printed by the Catholic Record Society (Vol. 5. 1908).

Resident at Uxendon near Harrow-on-the-Hill was a Catholic family of the name of Bellamy (now made the more famous in an excellent historical romance, *The Wonderful Flower of Woxindon* by Father Joseph Spillmann, S.J., published by Herder), and a daughter of this house, Anne, was committed for her religion to the Gatehouse under the custody of Topcliffe early in 1592. Before she had been there six weeks she became the victim of Topcliffe's lust, and pregnant by him; this was the lever used for the betrayal of our hero, who had been in the habit of secretly visiting the Bellamys to carry to them the consolations of religion; but although the fact of Father Southwell's visits to various Catholic houses was known to the pursuivants, his own caution by

the use of aliases and other disguises, and the skilful construction of hiding-holes (many of which still exist) in their homes on the part of persecuted Catholics, had so far baffled the bloodhounds of Elizabeth.

Anne Bellamy was induced to discover the whereabouts of Father Southwell; for some weeks she was unsuccessful but at last found means of communicating with him and procuring his presence on a given day at the Bellamy's house at Uxendon, the good priest not suspecting her fall or treachery.

Topcliffe, then with Elizabeth at Greenwich, kept in readiness relays of horses between the royal palace and Uxendon for three weeks, waiting the plot to mature; finally, on receiving from Anne full written directions how to know the house and the location of the secret closet, as well as the date of the priest's visit, he proceeded to Uxendon with the inevitable result. Although I cannot make the assertion positively, owing to discrepancies in details, yet it seems tolerably certain that the victim was seized while vested for Mass and dragged off in those sacred vestments for vulgar crowds to mock as a Catholic priest and *therefore* a traitor. This happened on June 20, 1592.

Topcliffe took him to Westminster, lodged him in a strong chamber in his own house, secured him in irons and proceeded, unsuccessfully, to "examine" him. He then wrote to his royal mistress an account of the securing of

this her most coveted prey, begging leave to torture him privately before he was committed to prison. This permission was immediately granted.

To many, not so much to foreigners as to our deceived fellow-countrymen, who have been so long schooled in subjectivism, the foregoing statement would appear incredible had not the very autograph letter of Topcliffe (providentially, as Mr. Simpson justly remarks) been preserved; it may be seen in the British Museum (Lansdowne MS. 72. art. 39). With consummate cunning (paralleled only by that of Richard III, Lady Macbeth, and Iago) Elizabeth endeavoured to conceal her initiative in the murder of Mary Queen of Scots, and she has succeeded in throwing dust in the eyes of many an honest student of history; but an impartial study of the facts concerning Father Southwell will furnish future historians with the chart and compass of truth which alone can carry their barque safely over the shoals and rocks besetting that stormy passage of English history.

We may shift on to the shoulders of her counsellors many of the enormities of Elizabeth's reign, but here the case is between herself and her familiar alone, independent of any constitutional procedure or check. (My use of the term *familiar* will be the better understood by a reference to pp. 209-10 of Volume 5 (1908) of the Catholic Record Society's Publications.)

The tortures inflicted upon our blessed martyr

by Topcliffe, in his own house, were so atrocious that the former called God to witness, at his trial nearly three years later, that he would rather have endured so many deaths than the ten frightful ordeals he was privately subjected to. The excessive use of the rack had aroused protest even in England, although in our own land such a pitch of barbarism had then been reached as shocked the civilised world. Hence resort to that private torture incomparably cruellen than any public racking; which latter, at least sometimes (although not always when the victim chanced to be a Catholic), was by the presence of magistrates limited in its severity—I dare not say within the bounds of humanity but at least there was some limit, while in the case of private torture there was none.

Topcliffe's particular mode of torturing our martyr was this:—he was hung from the wall by his hands, with a sharp circle of iron round each wrist pressing on the artery; his legs bent backwards and his heels tied to his thighs, so that he might get no rest from his toes touching the ground. The excruciating agony thus inflicted will be best appreciated by my readers of the medical profession; others who may be wanting in the gift of imagination can easily supply that deficiency by personal experiment. This exquisite torture left no permanent telltale marks; at his trial Father Southwell's information to the Court that he had been cruelly tortured caused Topcliffe to demand that if he

spoke truth he should show the marks; the answer was: "Ask a woman to show her pains."

The victim was kept suspended in the manner described until either he would answer the interrogations put, or otherwise fainted from pain and exhaustion; as no single word could be elicited from our blessed martyr, except aspirations in union with the Passion of his Divine Master, in each case he endured the second alternative; animation was restored by burning paper under his nose and the torture repeated after he had vomited a quantity of blood. On one occasion while Father Southwell was thus suspended, Topcliffe went to the City on some business and left him in this frightful agony for seven hours; on his return the victim appeared to be dying but on being taken down and revived by distilled waters, he was immediately hung up again in the same position. His only exclamations were: "My God and my all," "God gave Himself to thee, give thyself to God"; "*Deus tibi Se, tu te Deo.*"

Four days of this brutality reduced Father Southwell's vitality to so low an ebb that Cecil and the other Lords of the Council took him out of Topcliffe's hands, and on the 30th June, that is ten days after his capture, committed him to the Gatehouse, where amongst the pauper prisoners he spent a month in hunger and thirst, in cold and filth and neglect. His father then visited him and found him covered with dirt, swarming with vermin, with maggots crawling in his sores, his face bleared and like that of a

corpse, and his bones almost protruding through the skin. So shocked was his parent that he presented a petition to Elizabeth begging that his son might either be executed or treated as a gentleman.

He was thereupon transferred to a dungeon in the Tower of London, where, without trial and in circumstances the horror of which must be left to the reader's imagination, he was confined for nearly three years, the only exterior consolation permitted him being, by his own choice, the sacred Scriptures and the works of St. Bernard. It has been suggested that during his incarceration he wrote some of the works which have come down to us, but for such a supposition there is no evidence and it is in fact contrary to all probabilities.

The last act in this tragedy is best told in the narrative of an eye-witness given to Father Henry Garnett, who it will be remembered was Southwell's companion on the journey from Rome to England in 1586. On the day after the martyrdom Father Garnett wrote to the General of the Society of Jesus in Rome (Fr. Claud Aquaviva) a letter of which the following is a translation, a copy of the original being preserved at Stonyhurst College:—

London, February 22, 1594, O.S.
March 4, 1595, N.S.

"The peace of Christ Jesus. At length I have a most beautiful flower to offer to your paternity from your garden, a most sweet fruit

from your tree, an admirable treasure from your treasury, 'silver tried by the fire, purged from the earth, refined seven times.' It is Christ's unconquered soldier, most faithful disciple, most valiant martyr, Robert Southwell, formerly my dearest companion and brother, now my lord, patron, and king, reigning with Christ.

"He had been kept for nearly three years in closer custody than anyone ever was, so that no Catholic ever saw him or spoke to him. He was often tortured and that in a more cruel manner than even this barbarity is accustomed to inflict. He publicly declared that he had been tortured ten times, and that with torments worse than the rack or than death itself.

"Thus deprived of all human aid, at length they brought him forth that it might be clear to all how far the divine assistance exceeds all human help.

"For all this long time he could neither say Mass, nor go to the Sacrament of Penance, nor speak with any one, nor receive consolation from any; yet he went to judgment and to execution with so calm and tranquil a mind that you would have said that he came from the midst of a monastery of religious men, and that he was passing of his own free accord from the breasts of his mother to the sweetest of delights.

"He was taken from the Tower of London to Newgate, the prison for thieves and murderers, and there he was kept for three days in what they call *Limbo*, with no comfort but a candle.

On the 20th February he was brought into court, where by a cunning device his adversaries took care that very few people should be present; for the day before they gave no notice of what they were going to do, either to the gaoler or to any one else; and at the very time he was summoned a notable thief was led off to execution, which was done that almost all the city might be drawn to see him and thus not notice what was done with the Father.

"Yet not a few Catholics were present who told us all that passed. For the moment I have so little time that I omit these details just now but I will write them next week or the week after. At this time your paternity will hear only those things that passed at his most happy triumph on the following day, as I have been surely informed by one of ours who was present.

"Having been drawn to the gallows and lifted, from the hurdle on which he had been drawn, to the cart, he made the sign of the cross as well as he could (for his hands were bound) and began his speech thus: 'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die we die unto the Lord: whether, therefore we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's.' When he was beginning a sermon on these words he was interrupted by the sheriff's deputy. He earnestly begged that he might be allowed to speak, promising that he would say nothing that could offend any one. He then began in this manner: 'I have now come here to perform and accom-

plish the last act of this wretched life. I pray and beseech our Saviour, through whose precious death and passion I hope to be saved, mercifully to pardon me all the sins that I have committed since my birth into this world. I profess myself a priest of the Catholic Roman Church and of the Society of Jesus; and for this I give God eternal thanks.'

"A troublesome minister here said, 'Master Southwell, explain yourself; for if you understand what you say according to the Council of Trent it is damnable.' The crowd of bystanders ordered the foolish minister to be silent and the father replied: 'Master minister, trouble me not I pray you at this time. I am a Catholic and, interpret it as you will, I trust to be saved by the merits and passion of our Saviour. As to the queen, I have never attempted or thought any evil against her; indeed I have always prayed to our Lord, and in this little space of time that I have yet to breathe I will not cease to pray, that of His great mercy, and for the sake of His precious blood and glorious wounds, He may vouchsafe to give her those gifts and graces which His divine wisdom sees to be fittest for the salvation of body and soul in this life and the next. I now commend to the hands of Almighty God my unhappy country, that of His mercy He may fill it with that knowledge and understanding of His truth which most may lead to the salvation of souls and to His eternal glory.'

"When he had said this he caught sight of that one of ours who gives this account and threw his handkerchief towards him, which however did not reach him. He then went on with his speech. 'Lastly,' he said 'I commend to the hands of Almighty God this my poor soul; this wretched body I leave to the queen's will; and I pray that this my death may be useful to myself and my country, and may be a consolation to others.'

"And then, while waiting for the cart to be driven away, he made the sign of the cross and lifting up his face to heaven he said: 'Into thy hands O Lord I commend my spirit.' As there was still some time remaining he uttered with the greatest devotion some sentences of the Psalms, as 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel'; 'The just wait for me until Thou reward me'; 'Create a clean heart in me O God'; [as well as:] 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, and all the Saints, intercede for me.'

"As the cart was driven away he signed himself, saying 'Into Thy hands O Lord.' Whilst hanging from the gallows he often made the sign of the cross (for the rope was badly placed on his neck) until the hangman pulled his legs (which is an unusual act of humanity with us) and then he closed his eyes which till then were open. An officer often tried to cut the rope but was prevented by Lord Mountjoy and by all the people, who three times cried out: 'Leave him, leave him.'

"The hangman took him down from the gallows with much reverence and with his attendants carried him in his arms to the place of his disembowelling. Others they usually drag along the ground in a very inhuman way. One of the pursuivants declared that he had never seen a man die more piously and some of the heretics wished that their souls might be with his.

"This is what I am able to write at present. Next week the rest shall be written and perhaps the two letters will reach your paternity together. Meanwhile let this give you joy and by your prayers prepare us, of all the most unworthy, for similar combats; for I cannot see how I can long escape the enemies' hands. This one thing I pray, that my sins may not keep me from the combat or make me less valiant in the fight; and I do not doubt your paternity, by your holy sacrifices, will gain this for me.

"Your reverence's unworthy Son and Servant in Christ,

"HENRY GARNETT."

It may be reasonably assumed that Father Garnett wrote the further details promised but I am unaware that his supplementary letter has been preserved; details of the trial and other circumstances of the martyrdom have come down to us; to record them would carry me beyond my present scope, but one or two remarks will neither weary the reader nor exceed the

space at my disposal. The scene of the martyrdom was Tyburn, situated where the Edgware Road joins the western extremity of Oxford Street at a spot known as The Marble Arch; in the centre of the road is a triangular brass marking the place where the famous three-cornered gallows formerly stood; hard by is a convent of devoted nuns where in a beautiful chapel is perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, constant honour and invocation of the many glorious soldiers of Christ who suffered in defence of the Faith of our Fathers, and never-ceasing prayer that Divine Providence may mercifully once more restore our country to Christian unity.

Shakespeare, with his peculiarly subtle art, has christened the site of the tragedy (or rather victory) "Love's Tyburn" and such indeed it is; we can desire no appellation more sublime.

Father Garnett mentions two exceptional circumstances attendant upon our hero's execution; first, the victim was not cut down until he was dead; this was contrary to the terms of his sentence, which provided that he should be cut down and disembowelled alive; second, that the hangman carried the corpse in his arms to the quartering block. It was usual, as Father Garnett says, to drag the victim (still alive) along the ground to his butchery in a most inhuman fashion. But there is a third circumstance, not related by Father Garnett, which is this:—when our blessed martyr's head was cut off and held

up to the gaze of the multitude, no one cried traitor; this is so contrary to contemporary practice, where papists were concerned, that I find it difficult to consider it otherwise than miraculous; and certain it is that whatever "ugly terms and odious epithets" (to use his own words) were applied to him in his lifetime, none were used at his death nor have been since.

If his *Epistle of Comfort* were before the reader, as I again express the hope it may soon be, the record of his sufferings and death would make a still stronger appeal to the admiration of those who appreciate the noblest trait in human character, *constancy*; Shakespeare says truly:—

"Were man but constant he were perfect"

and justly evokes our scorn for those "ungracious pastors" who "show the steep and thorny way to heaven," but themselves "the primrose path of dalliance tread, and reck not their own rede."

Of such pastors Father Southwell was the very antithesis; there is no thorny brake or stony steep in the narrow path to heaven (which he so eloquently and so constantly urged others to essay) that he himself did not tread; no *rede* (that is *counsel* or *advice*) given to others that he did not in his own person *reck* (that is *regard*); it was within his power to tread "the primrose path of dalliance" and by even an ex-

ternal conformity to the new-fangled State religion he would not only have saved himself from torture, imprisonment, and a traitor's death, but have obtained such preferment as would have handed him down to posterity with a fame not less notable than that appertaining to those reverend worthies, Sirs Oliver Martext, Nathaniel, and Hugh Evans, not to mention him who betrayed "The Best."

We regard most what St. Bonaventure has recorded of St. Francis, being as St. Thomas Aquinas said, the life of a Saint written by a Saint; so also will the records of a Martyr by a Martyr appeal to us with greatest force. The following letter, taken from the manuscript Life of Philip Earl of Arundel (p. 134) was written by the Earl to Father Southwell while the former was a prisoner and the latter still at large:—

"My dear and Reverend Father,

"This being the last time that I think I shall ever send unto you, I should be very ungrateful if, wanting all other means of expressing my thankfulness, I should not now at least acknowledge it in words. And as I must needs say, I could not be more bound to any man nor to any but one of your calling so much; and all this in a time when such comforts were most welcome and even to the benefit of that which in all men is most precious; so in heart our Lord who sees all secrets sees my goodwill and thankfulness,

and I doubt not will reward you amongst all your other worthy merits for these bestowed on me his most unworthy servant; and in as much thankfulness and goodwill as my heart can conceive, I remain yours till the last moment."

The biographer continues: "and that this was not out of compliment, but real and unfeigned, appeared by the love and respect he always did bear him; for when the said Father after some years was apprehended and imprisoned in the Tower, whensoever the Lieutenant made any mention of him (Fr. Southwell) in his presence, as oftentimes he did, he (the Earl) used ever to speak with great respect of him, calling him often *Blessed Father*. And when once the Lieutenant seemed to take exception thereat, saying 'Term you him *Blessed Father* being as he is an enemy to his country?' the Earl defended him saying 'How can that be, seeing yourself hath told me heretofore that no fault could be laid unto him but his Religion?' and the Lieutenant telling him at another time that his (the Earl's) dog came into Father Southwell's chamber whilst he was there with him, he answered that he loved his dog the better for it; and the Lieutenant in a scoffing manner saying it might be the dog came thither to have his blessing, the Earl replied it was no news for irrational creatures to seek blessing at the hands of holy men, Saint Jerome writing how those lions which had digged with their paws St. Paul the Hermit's grave stood after, waiting with their eyes upon St. Antony expecting his blessing."

Although for best part of three years these holy men were fellow prisoners in the Tower it does not appear from any record, and indeed is highly improbable, that they were ever permitted to meet or communicate one with the other; Father Garnett's report precludes any such supposition.

That our blessed martyr's beneficent work did not terminate with the tragedy at Tyburn is witnessed by the following extract from the annual letter of the English Provincial of the Jesuits for 1635 before quoted (Foley's *Records S.J.* Vol. 7, part II, p. 1135):

"The sister of Father Robert Southwell the Martyr became so skilled in treating the most severe diseases, as to surpass all the art of physicians and of their prescriptions alike. Being questioned by a very intimate friend whence she derived such wonderful skill, or what were the remedies she applied in such a variety of diseases, she replied that they were quite simple and obvious, being the application of the relics of her brother, which she had found most efficacious in the cure of nearly every kind of ailment.

What made it the more remarkable was that this lady, far from possessing any favour with God, was dissembling her religion out of compliance with her Protestant son who was a magistrate."

Howsoever our glorious martyr may have been, and may still be, the instrument of the Divine Healer for the cure of corporal ills, few

surely will deny, to use his own words, that he has "brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich us, and medicinable receipts against our ghostly maladies." That his remedies may heal many is the hearty wish of his unworthy editor.

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### (*d*) JOHN TRUSSELL.

The opinions about to be expressed upon a purely literary subject must be considered, for what they are worth, as but the personal conclusions of the present writer and not as in any way reflecting the judgment of any other individual concerned with the publication of this work.

The reader will further charitably make due allowance, I beg, for the difficulty of compressing into the compass of a brief note matter which demands the scope of a volume; this difficulty is my excuse for making positive assertions of points for the proof of which more substantial evidence may very properly be required.

It is evident from his prefatory verses that Trussell was not only Southwell's literary executor but also that he expanded the *Triumphs* into their present form; this is I think supported by internal evidence. Who was he?

A careful study of his verses (allowing for possible *errata,* to amend which we have no

manuscript) reveals a writer of pronounced personality. In the same year they were written (1595) was printed a poem which he had composed in his youth and which he terms his *Primitiæ*; this is *Raptus I Helenae, or the First Rape of Fair Helen*; there is only one copy of this work known; it is in a private collection and by the courtesy of the owner I was permitted to transcribe it. It is a work stamped with a genius of so high and original a character that were it advanced as the first-fruits of Shakespeare's own muse, composed in his youth (and such indeed I personally suspect it to be), I doubt if any competent critic would find difficulty in accepting it as such; for it is no less Shakespearean than *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece,* and in some respects markedly resembles *A Lover's Complaint*; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that in *Helen* we have in the bud all those features which characterise the flower of Shakespeare's genius; it is brilliant in invention and perfectly sweet in versification, although, as one of the prefatory stanzas has it, the subject is "indeed a toy, such as the gravest wits regard not much."

The ghost of Helen appears to the poet and she tells the tale of the outrage by Theseus and her subsequent marriage to Menelaus, under false pretences, as

> "A cloak to shroud me from each stormy shower."

Dawn, as with the ghost in *Hamlet,* brings the narration to an abrupt termination:

"But lo! the penult period of my time
Hasts my return to my redeemless prison;
Castor doth not appear within this clime,
And his and my twin brother high is risen:
Whose rising and whose falling do declare
That my pained ghost must back to pain repair."

Of this narration the poet says:

"The which although I have but rudely penned,
As wanting that sweet strain of poesy
Which such may use whose wisdoms comprehend
Matters exceeding mediocrity:
Yet deign with patience reader for to be
Of this my rude unpolished poetry."

He closes thus (stanza 153):

"First fruits they are of my frost-bitten muse,
Weakened by youth and wronged by indiscretion;
Yet if that you will gently it peruse,
And with correction pass each imperfection,
I'll take advantage of each idle time
Till I shall please you with more pleasing rhyme."

The minuteness of detail, the magic by which each person of the drama is made to live, and

airy nothings to assume the guise of realities, the occasional slowness of the movement, halts to criticize prevailing fashions: both the excellencies and (as the critics are pleased to term them) defects of Shakespeare, pervade the whole poem. Helen's nurse is Juliet's nurse; Leda is Lady Capulet; Theseus is Tarquin; Helen is Lucrece, but wanting her honesty and fortitude; and in a thousand ways the poem reflects the cast of thought and the verbal peculiarities of Shakespeare.

Not only so; the prefatory matter shows that it was with great reluctance, "procrastinate delays," and under pressure, that the author allowed this his earliest poem to be printed, and by the time this happened he was already sufficiently famous to be the object of the critics'—Momus, Foilus, and Aristarchus—"misconceit," "squint-eyed severe suggestions," and "bark," which led him to commence his address "To the Reader":—"Gentlemen—and others" and to conclude it thus:—"ready to receive what the readiest reviling carper can inflict, I leave you to your hearts' content and myself to all haters' contempt. *Vel volo, vel vellem.* John Trussell."

The "*vel volo, vel vellem*" (corresponding to the nonsense of Thomas Nash—"How ever, yours ever," ending his address "To the gentlemen Students of both Universities"), as well as the character of the preface itself, makes it quite evident that Trussell was the object of

Nash and Greene's venomous attacks; but their objective has generally been considered, and I admit rightly, Shakespeare; in fact the play, *Love's Labour Lost* is most palpably aimed at these pedants and their school of pretenders.

And yet we have nothing in Trussell's name in print except *Helen*, and the verses prefacing the *Triumphs*, until 1636; in that year there was printed a collection of verses by a number of poets commending the revival of the Olympian games on the Cotswold Hills. The collection is styled *Annalia Dubrensia*; among the rest, Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton are contributors but John Trussell is unique, in that, although all the others contribute but one set of verses, he supplies two; the date of composition is uncertain except that we may say upon internal evidence it was probably later than 1625. Trussell commences his first set of verses thus:—

> "Once did I vow, but who can all vows keep?
> That my dull muse eternally should sleep,"

to parallel which one has only to turn to the play of *The Tempest*, and in particular to the epilogue.

Space prevents my giving here these verses but it may be taken as fact that in every line they breathe the spirit of Shakespeare.

In this same year (1636) was published John Trussell's contribution to the history of England; Samuel Daniel undertakes the period to

end Edward III; Trussell the period Richard II to end Richard III; and Francis Bacon, Henry VII. I do not for a moment think this apportionment accidental.

It will be observed that Trussell specializes in exactly the same period as Shakespeare; this fact might not count for much except for the remarkable resemblance—I might justly say identity—between Shakespeare's work as verse and Trussell's as prose; in fact it would impose a heavier demand upon our credulity to ascribe the respective works to different than to the one author.

This history of Trussell's is a wonderful piece of work, a model for all time, unique in our own literature and possibly in that of the world, notwithstanding it has temporarily fallen into oblivion and given place to pedantic and unwieldy relations, termed by our author "superfluous exuberances which, like wens upon a beautiful face, disgrace the otherwise graceful comeliness of the countenance."

Who can study Shakespeare's sequence of historical plays and miss their purpose, that is, to advance the *philosophic* aspect of history? Such is Trussell's purpose; his humour is infinite, his metaphors and epigrams sparkling and abundant, without suspicion of platitude, and the whole work reflects the striking personality of the author; beside Bacon's Henry VII it is as the finest champagne to *vin ordinaire*. A few examples out of a thousand will not be un-

interesting, as they sharply portray a remarkable character.

In the Preface:—

"I have forborne to assume unto myself the liberty of an Historian,—to obtrude upon thee anything of my own invention."

Speaking of the youthful Richard II, "At such years as this king was then of, the mind of man is like unto the potter's earth: apt to be wrought into any fashion, and then which way soever it hardeneth by custom, it seldom swerves from the same."

I give the following without comment:—

"Hired friends for the most part are seldom either satisfied or sure, but, like the ravens in Arabia, that full-gorged have a tuneable sweet record, but empty screech horribly."

---

"That course of punishment is out of course which doth neither reclaim the mind of man nor restrain the might from mischievous endeavours."

---

"It is troublesome to be grateful but revenge is pleasant and preferred before gain."

---

"Ambition is like the crocodile, growing as long as it liveth; or like the ivy, which, rising at the foot, will overpeer the highest wall."

---

"Words and writing are not real according as they are spoke or writ but as they are approved by others."

---

"It is not multitude but united hearts for a just quarrel that procures conquest."

---

"God in His secret judgment doth not always so certainly provide for our safety as revenge our wrongs and oppressions . . . and all our unjust actions have a day of payment, and many times, by way of retaliation, even in the same manner and measure they were committed."

---

"It often happeneth that wise counsel is more sweetly followed when it is tempered with folly; and earnest is the less offensive if it be delivered in jest."

---

"The common people,—commonly changeable."

---

"The commons,—who commonly are like a flock of cranes: as the first fly all follow."

---

"A fool's belief—to take seeming for being and shadows for realities."

---

"Freedom,—the desire whereof is so naturally pleasing that birds will rather live abroad

in the cold fields than be daintily dieted in a warm cage."

---

"A woman's wit, thoroughly stung with disgrace and vilely stirred with despite, cannot long be undelivered of some plot to do mischief."

---

"No strange accident doth at any time happen but it is some way either foreshown or foretold. But because these warnings are oftentimes either not marked, or misconstrued, or contemned, the events are accounted inevitable and the premonition vain."

---

In all we have of Trussell's, a marked feature is his continual play upon words; one example from his history may be accepted as typical. Speaking of Richard II, he has:—

"He did make the Church as much champain as show himself champion of the Church," and continues thus:—

"But afterwards his successors were entitled *Defenders of the Faith,* and how in action the first receiver of that title did verify the same, I refer to the report of those times."

---

I have now lightly touched upon all the printed works we have bearing Trussell's name but there exist two manuscripts of his which have never been printed; both are privately owned and by the courtesy of the respective

owners I have had access to them. This crowning privilege has placed me in an unique position (I say it without boasting) as concerns the remarkable man I am endeavouring under great difficulties to portray to my readers.

Both manuscripts are autograph but the one is an earlier draft of the other; the author's final title to his work is *The Touchstone of Tradition.*

John Trussell sprang from an ancient and honourable family resident for centuries at Billesley, near Stratford-on-Avon. Mrs. Stopes (the recognized authority on the Shakespeare genealogy) is of opinion that Shakespeare's maternal grandmother (Mary Arden's mother) was a Miss Trussell; my personal information does not warrant the expression of an opinion and, to speak truly, I make no profession of having investigated any pedigrees.

Trussell speaks of London as his "mother" and Camden as his "schoolmaster"; he also speaks of Fabyan the Chronicler, who preceded him by a century, as his "brother"; such terms are here poetic, and if the reader will remember that Father Southwell is a poet, his use of the term "cousin," occurring in this volume, will be understood (especially by a reference to *Measure for Measure,* Act I, Scene 5) as certainly indicating very close friendship but not necessarily blood relationship.

It would occupy too much space here to re-

view at length Trussell's manuscripts; in sum he defends the old religion and bewails the devastation caused by that rebellion which has been falsely termed a "Reformation"; in this respect, as in all other, his sentiments are those of Shakespeare.

He defends the credibility of ancient British history, handed down orally by the Druids, from which Shakespeare draws (with no suspicion of scepticism) his *King Lear* and *Cymbeline.*

I have already given verses from his earliest work, *Helen*, in respect of which attention is now invited to these lines:—

> "I'll take advantage of each idle time
> Till I shall please you with more pleasing rhyme."

which may be compared with the following from the dedication of *Venus and Adonis,*

> "And vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour."

But over half a century later this curious coincidence occurs: John Trussell commences his manuscript dedication thus:

> "Howsoever two of the four props which I had prepared to support by their authority the weak fabric of this my *Touchstone of Antiquity*" etc.

Which may be compared with the dedication of *Venus and Adonis*:

"I know not . . . how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden."

Interest is added to the parallelism by the fact that *Venus and Adonis* is dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, third Earl of Southampton, and Thomas Wriothesly, fourth Earl, is one of Trussell's four "props."

Very briefly, as with his history, I will allow the *Touchstone of Tradition* to give the reader some idea of the author.

In closing his work in 1649, when aged and infirm, his poor old hand tremulously and painfully pens this verse:—

"The freest horse, though spurred, if overreined,
Can neither pace nor gallop well but whibble;
So I, with palsy-passion hardly strained,
Can write nor fast nor fair but badly scribble;
And as the palsy makes the hand to shake,
So rheum and cramp make head and feet to ache;
Blame me not then because I write no better
For with great pain I shape the smallest letter."

He commences his work with a short treatise upon the origin of cities in general and of London, York, Chester and Winchester in particular; in his old age no less than in his youth

he frequently digresses, but always to good purpose; his "asides" are frequent; in speaking of ancient Rome, Constantinople, etc., he meanders thus:—

"Venice . . . London and Antwerp, the beauty of cities, their days must likewise come at length, and in the end turn to nothing. For the great Master Builder pulleth down, setteth up, and, if it may be lawful so to speak, maketh a sport of human affairs; and, like as the potter, fashioneth to Himself sundry sorts of shapes in His clay. Countries likewise and Kingdoms tread in the same path. Assyria, Egypt, Judea, were excellent in peace and war. That glory is now transferred to Europe which now, like a diseased body, seems to shake as having a feeling of confusion near at hand. For all things run into the fatal whirlpool of necessity —now ebbing, now flowing—and though some things in this world may be long lasting yet nothing can be everlasting."

The foregoing passage can hardly fail to interest students of *The Tempest.*

He is unsparingly severe upon unreasonable scepticism, thus:—

"I am verily persuaded that to believe nothing of antiquity but what is perspicuous and unquestionably proved, is but the bare refuge of dull-pated, ignorant drones or mechanic-precise plebeians; for of things past I have ever held it *æque vitium aut omnibus aut nulli credere,*

"An equal fault to credit every one
Or of old authors to approve of none."

Speaking of King Alfred he has,

"To dignify that of a King he attained the title of a Poet."

The treatise comprises notes on British and English history from the earliest times until the commencement of the reign of Charles I; these notes largely concern the part played by Winchester in the history; but the plain purpose of the author is to present in sharp and painful contrast pre- and post-Reformation conditions in England. In brief, Trussell is a man consistently throughout his writings in bitter opposition to the new order of society which the religious revolt of the 16th century had imposed upon our land; he only sees one end to it, that is the ruin which overtook ancient Rome:—

"Those three things that o'erthrew Rome's glory, here
Do every hour too visibly appear,—
Secret envying, private commodity,
Green-headed counsel,—wrought Rome's tragedy,
And none of these are wanting here. . . ."

He very properly takes the case of Winchester as typical of the whole country, picturing her in pre-Reformation times thus:—

"The number of monasteries, nunneries, parochial churches, oratories, hospitals, maisons

de dieu, friaries, and such religious places such as the zealous devotion of the people (incited thereto, saith the Ampsterdamian Roundhead, void of all charity, by the blind hope of merit) had built in this city,—relation being had to the quantity of the circuit thereof—for number, beauty, riches and respect, could not be surmounted (if paralleled) by any one city in Christendom."

He proceeds to speak of and to name five and thirty distinct parish churches which originally graced Winchester and of which only seven then remained; of the seventh of these (St. Mary Calender)—he speaks thus:—

"The seventh having been a fraternity was first at the time of the general suppression bared of all temporal means, and since, by the space of fifty years and upwards, been apparent to the eye to be the highest-roof parish church in Europe; for by all this time it hath had no other cover but the skies." He afterwards says of this church that it "pitifully standeth in expectation, every day more, for a thaw of the frozen devotion of these times."

That the humour of Trussell is identical with Shakespeare's, any reader of the foregoing may recognize by a reference to *Love's Labour Lost*, Act 2, Scene 1: "The roof of this court is too high to be yours."

I will give from the manuscripts one or two examples of this humour:—

"The Empress for her delivery was enforced to beguile her enemies with the masculine execution of a feminine invention, which was by a fine sleight or counterfeit show of being dead."

"I dare not say I think the marriage of the clergy to be unlawful but experience doth daily make it appear it is not expedient. But I fear it will be thought to me to be nor lawful nor expedient to have said so much."

He speaks of the Druids as "preceptors to the Bards, who were as it were the ballad singers by them approved of" and he makes a marginal note, "not penny puppets as in these times."

Speaking of Mary, daughter of King Stephen, he says she was "profest nun and Abbess of Romsey, but though her zeal to God were much, yet her love to die in a man's arms prevailed so far with her that it made her forsake her habit," etc.

His scorn and contempt (in this as in every respect absolutely at one with Shakespeare) for Puritanism is everywhere apparent; he terms the puritan hypocrites "the pure brethren" as may be seen here:—

"Leaving them to speak ill of the dead (that living did such good works) that cannot speak well of any, dead or living, except the pure brethren—and hardly so much of them neither,

but before their faces." In this connection he is tilting at Foxe and his lying *Book of Martyrs*.

Many historical facts which it suited the spirit of his age to suppress, Trussell endeavours to perpetuate; one example may suffice; from the Statutes of King Canute he records this:—

"That every Christian be duly prepared at the least thrice every year to receive the Blessed Sacrament of the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, that it may be to him as a wholesome medicine to purge sin and not a token of damnation."

The following is typical of Trussell's attitude towards "democracy," and that it is Shakespeare's attitude may be gathered from many passages and the use of the identical phrase in *Coriolanus*, Act 2, Sc. 3, lines 11, 12, and 18:

"The many-headed monster,—the multitude."

Trussell first put, in brackets, "popular vulgarity"; this he erases and substitutes for it "the multitude."

The following is also a powerful opinion on a great subject:—

". . . great solemnity and ceremony—the formal and fair entertainers of reverence and respect,—for take away ceremony and take away state."

which may be compared with *Henry V*, Act 4, Sc. 1, lines 109, 256, etc.

His last record is of the reception of Queen

Henrietta Maria (immediately after her marriage to Charles I) at Winchester. Trussell was himself that year Mayor of Winchester and the address to the Queen, which he records verbatim, is doubtless, although he does not say so, his own composition. The Queen had left London hurriedly for Winchester, owing to the raging of the plague, but the pestilence was then raging also in Winchester and the city could not entertain the Queen without grave danger. The address concludes:—

"In the meantime we shall not cease with all the faculties of our soul and body to pray to the Giver of all good gifts that He would be pleased to multiply His graces upon your gracious majesty; that Mary, Great Britain's greater Empress, may be found upon earth amongst us, her humblest vassals, as good and gracious as the most blessed Virgin Mary is in heaven amongst the saints great and glorious."

The speech was rendered to the Queen in French and "she protested aloud that she was therewith as well contented as if we had presented her with ten hundred thousand crowns and presently plucked off her glove and gave her hand to the Mayor to kiss, and upon his request to all the Aldermen." Trussell adds a prayer for the perfect consummation of her happiness "in heavenly Hierusalem."

The record of this episode closes his historical notes and he concludes:—

"Thus long and thus far, alone, without guide or companion, fellow or friend; without either helpful direction or hopeful encouragement of any, have I journeyed in the rosemary heath of ancient history. And if in my passage I have lighted upon any cornfields, and thence with Ruth have gleaned after the reapers, and leased any scattered ears sufficient to make this pooke; I presume, since Bauz was not offended with her, no gentle disposition will be displeased with what is done. *Malui ego aliena imprudenter dicere quam mea impudenter ingerere.*"

Then follow certain lines complaining of the degeneracy of the age; these lines lead the poet on to speak in the first person thus:—

"For I cannot perceive I am beloved;
For all my acts are misinterpreted,
My words misconstrued, and both misrepeated.
I . . ."

The "I" is the catchword for the next leaf, but that and three others (in all four leaves) are missing from the manuscript and just at the most interesting moment when the writer is speaking of himself he abruptly makes his *congé*. Personally I think (although at the best we can only guess) that the excision is the author's own work.

We must now travel backwards some fifty or sixty years and I beg leave to relieve the tedium of so long a journey with the following reflection.

The mass of gossip which has been dished up as the "biography" of Shakespeare leaves us unconvinced; it may tickle the groundlings but it never has made, and never can make, any effective appeal to the judicious; the reason is, it portrays a character utterly discrepant with that we mentally picture upon a study of the author in his works; the natural consequence of this discrepancy is that thinkers have on the one hand simply ignored the "biography," and on the other sought an authorship more agreeable to the internal evidence. In the former class may be mentioned Thomas Carlyle and Cardinal Wiseman, and in the latter the numerous adherents to the theory of Baconian authorship. The latter hopelessly fail on the ground of internal evidence, that is a comparison of style, and even admitting their premises we may reasonably demur at their conclusion. I venture to say, with some confidence, to those who find cause to doubt Shakespeare the Actor's authorship of the works bearing his name, that Trussell, upon the ground of internal evidence, possesses a much stronger claim than Bacon to their parentage, and although I do not in this place attempt a biography, it should be mentioned that he was by profession an attorney and the use of legal similes pervades his writings.

Reverting now to his connection with Father Southwell, it is remarkable that in editions of the *Triumphs* subsequent to that of 1596 (i.e. 1620, 1630 and 1634) only the first of

the three sets of prefatory verses occurs; John Trussell's name disappears entirely and is replaced with the initials "S.W." A letter which prefixes Southwell's *St. Peter's Complaint* (first printed in 1595) is addressed to "his loving cousin, Mr. W. S." In the letter printed in this present volume his cousin is "W. R."

I suggest that "W. S.", "S. W.", and "W. R.", all stand for one name, that is, William Shakespeare, and that it was John Trussell who borrowed that name to conceal his own identity; I further surmise that Father Southwell's soliloquy herein printed concerns the same person. I think it scarcely possible for anyone free from prepossessions to thoroughly study the works of Shakespeare and not conclude, solely upon internal evidence, that the author was a Catholic; such a conclusion, at least on the part of those conversant with contemporary Catholic conditions and literature, renders it not only probable but morally certain that the author would protect himself by the use of a pseudonym; and it is not unreasonable that he should have adopted the name of the one who was to be his mouthpiece and was a member of a privileged profession.

Such a position I make no pretence to prove but surely it is a reasonable hypothesis, the grounds of which I now give to augment the remarkable resemblance between Shakespeare and Trussell.

Southwell's letter to "Mr. W. S." (which see

in all, but particularly the 1616 and 1620 editions of *St. Peter's Complaint*) makes clear the following facts:—"W. S." was a poet who had "importuned" Southwell to write poems; Southwell complied but only to the extent of, to use his own words, "laying a few coarse threads together, to invite some skilfuller wits to go forward in the same, or to begin some finer piece." These he sends to "W. S." with these words, "I send you these few ditties; add you the tunes, and let the mean I pray you be still a part in all your music," and telling him that "he must bear part of the penance when it shall please sharp censures to impose it."

In these simple facts lies, I beg humbly to advance, an intelligible explanation of most of Shakespeare's Sonnets, of which no rational interpretation has hitherto been given; I mean that the ideal personality around which so many of the Sonnets are written is in reality that of Father Southwell.

However startling this assertion may appear, I make it in the confident belief that when Father Southwell's works are before the public and receive studious attention, its truth and the powerful consequences flowing from it will be recognized; present lack of space must excuse my presenting only a bare outline of the evidence.

It is in the opening Sonnets that the author "importunes" Father Southwell; these verses

have generally been understood as an exhortation to the person addressed to get married and beget children; the idea of *mental generation* (common to all artists of every description as the means of their eternization) seems to have escaped the critics, and yet it is most evident that the poet means this, vide, *inter alia*, Sonnets 18, 32, 54, 55, 59, 60, 63, 65, 76, 77, 81, 107. It is very clearly expressed in No. 77 thus:—

"Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain."

It occurs in the verses prefacing this volume; Southwell is the "father," the work is his "heir" and Trussell the "foster-sire"; and Shakespeare speaks of *Venus and Adonis* as "the first heir of my invention."

Southwell responds to these opening Sonnets, in his verses prefacing *St. Peter's Complaint*, not without a gentle rebuke; in Sonnet 8 the question is proposed:

"Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly"? and the reply is

"This makes my mourning muse resolve in tears;
This themes my heavy pen to plain in prose—
Christ's thorn is sharp, no head His garland wears;
Still finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose."

In the same Sonnet occurs the reproach of *singleness*; the response is:

"Licence my single pen to seek a pheere."

Pheere (or fere) means mate, husband, wife, etc. He concludes:

"I move the suit, the grant rests in your will."

The internal evidence of *St. Peter's Complaint* makes it clear that Southwell found a "pheere" and that it was indeed "Will" who granted his suit; for if it be true, as I believe it to be, that Shakespeare literally means that

"Every word doth almost tell my name,"

then nowhere is his unique style more manifest than in *St. Peter's Complaint.*

Of this poem Southwell's "coarse threads" as he terms them, are still preserved in his own handwriting at Stonyhurst. Dr. Grosart copied them out and printed them in his appendix to Southwell's poems. The British Museum manuscript which I have styled in this volume "B" is unique (and in other respects also) in that it gives the original poem of 12 stanzas only and then the completed poem of 132 stanzas in which the earlier 12 are interwoven, but most of them in a remarkably revised version. This manuscript to a considerable extent bears evidence of being in the author's (or continuator's) autograph but it is not Father Southwell's autograph; moreover at the end of the 132 stanza poem: *St. Peter's Complaint* the writer has added, continuing with his pen from the "Amen," his initials in monogram—"W. S." or "S. W."

None of the early printed editions of this poem bear the name or initials of the author; one of them, undated, is Wm. Leake's edition which Dr. Grosart assigns to the year 1596 and makes the basis of his text. On both sides of the woodcut title of this edition is a curious monogram which Grosart failed to decipher; I find no difficulty in reading it; in the centre are four Xs placed together thus:—XXXX; Grosart read these as Roman numerals but the reader will I think readily recognize in them a W overlaying an M. Above this are the letters S. E. in monogram and beneath it the single letter R.

The whole monogram gives us WM. S. E. R., which I suggest stands for William Shakesper (a common spelling, among many others, of the poet's name) and that Father Southwell in using for his cousin the initials W. R. in the letter printed in this volume merely uses, as a necessary blind, the last instead of the first letter of the surname. There can be no doubt that the writer of the letter is Father Southwell and that "P.B." stands for him; I believe that the motive underlying this letter explains many of those sonnets which are distinctly penitential; there is so much in them which the critics have found obscure and to which Father Southwell is the key, that no unbiassed student can pass over what is here written without at least giving it a hearing, as one example may show; Sonnet 110 is one of the penitential group and in this

the poet accuses himself of having "sold cheap what is most dear"; the meaning is, his soul, as appears from a poem, "Marie Magdalen's Blushe," in Father Southwell's collection where this occurs: "How cheap I sold that Christ so dearly bought."

There are innumerable other examples equally striking which connect Father Southwell's letters to "W. S." and "W. R.", and his soliloquy, with the Sonnets; in these Sonnets we find expressed on the one hand, a sensitive fear of the author lest the blending of his muse with that of his friend should bring discredit on the latter; and on the other, a determination by means of his verses to immortalize that friend.

Shakespeare says of his friend, "thou art all my art"; he proclaims him his "tenth muse"; he says of him, "'gainst death and all oblivious enmity shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room, even in the eyes of all posterity." As the life and works of Father Southwell are published and studied, of him will these words be found true, and until the muddy-minded critics, who measure Shakespeare's corn in their own bushel and see in the Sonnets nothing but unwholesome love intrigues with "dark ladies," are able to advance some more reasonable interpretation of those verses (in which, as Wordsworth expresses it, Shakespeare unlocked his heart) than they have hitherto discovered, I do not ask or expect that the opinions herein stated shall be accepted but merely request that they

be tested; if they stand the test, nothing but good (which is my sole purpose) will result; if otherwise, no one but myself is harmed.

## CONCLUDING NOTE.

To the owners and custodians of the various documents used in connection with this work I owe a deep debt of gratitude which I now cordially and respectfully express.

The Stonyhurst MSS. consulted and British Museum Addl. 10,422 contain only Southwell's works, but the Oscott College MS. (known as *Peter Mowle's Book*) is a commonplace book compiled during the latter years of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth centuries, and contains much other matter which I venture to hope will in course of time find its way into print.

I had intended to add a short glossary and a few annotations, but am deterred by the fear of having already fallen into the fault of attempting to make the tail wag the dog. *Vale.*

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TROTMAN, JOHN WILLIAM Ed.

AUTHOR
Triumphs... Robert Southwell

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